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The Shape of Things

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HOPE OF LIFTING THE EMBARGO ON ARMS to Loyalist Spain has died down again momentarily after a State Department sequence in which pro-Catholic, pro-fascist influences seem to have had things their own way again. According to the Washington Merry-Go-Round, Secretary Hull and the President had become pretty well convinced of the unfairness and stupidity of the embargo which has played so nicely into the hands of Hitler and Mussolini. Secretary Hull was on the point of having a conversation with the President—which seemed to offer hope that the embargo would be lifted—when it was discovered that Hull had just written a letter to Raymond Leslie Buell outlining the reasons why it could *not* be lifted. On being asked for an explanation, Mr. Hull is reported to have said that that was just a letter one of his experts had given him to sign. In response to more pressure from outside, he suggested that he be given overwhelming evidence that the Spanish situation had changed in such a way that the embargo should be lifted. The Spanish Ambassador supplied the proof, but twenty-four hours afterward the Secretary had not even seen it. A few days later he turned down another plea on the ground that it was too late. The newest effort to help Spain has failed, but the Congressional resolution calling upon the President to provide a list of nations that have violated treaties to which the United States is signatory may revive the issue. Meanwhile, according to Pearson and Allen, the entire Spanish question is to be thrashed out in a Cabinet meeting. It would seem even more desirable to thrash out the fascist influences in the State Department and hire a few guaranteed democratic experts for Secretary Hull.

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WHAT THE JAPANESE SETBACK IN SHANTUNG may mean is reflected in the Cabinet crisis at Tokyo. Neither the setback nor the crisis seems particularly serious when judged by objective standards, but both are grave when the question of Oriental face is taken into account. The Japanese losses at Taierhchwang, conservatively estimated at between forty and fifty thousand, are almost insignificant compared with those suffered by the Chinese at Shanghai or Nanking, but the defeat effectively dislodges the foundation-stone of Japan's continental policy. No longer will it be possible to persuade

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the Japanese people that the present conflict is merely police action and in no sense to be looked upon as a real war. The immediate victim of this development is the Premier, Prince Konoye. When the national-mobilization bill was debated some weeks ago, Konoye staked his political reputation on a definite promise that the emergency measures provided by the bill would not be called into effect in the China "incident." The military clique is now demanding that the measures be enforced, and the question before the Emperor at present seems to be whether it would be better to ask Konoye to stay, in spite of his loss of personal prestige, or force a Cabinet reorganization at the risk of betraying Japan's internal weakness. In any case, there can be no doubt that Japan will throw all its resources into an effort to avenge Taierhchwang.

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THE DECISION OF THE C. I. O. UNIONS TO hold a convention which will form a permanent organization is a wise one. Pending an eventual labor peace, the C. I. O. must consolidate its strength, fight the ravages of the depression, and await developments. There are three gains to be derived from a permanent organization. One is that it will furnish a definite and known basis for pooling the resources of the constituent unions in fighting unemployment and providing for relief. A second is that, by making the newer C. I. O. unions an integral part of the organization, it will rule out demands by the A. F. of L. for scrapping or subdividing these unions as the condition of a labor peace. A third is that it will broaden the present base of leadership and remove all reason for further talk of John L. Lewis as C. I. O. dictator. The convention will probably be held in September, and its declarations should have some bearing on the Congressional elections in November. Meanwhile the C. I. O., as the vital part of the American labor movement, is beset by vexing problems. It has thus far done amazingly well in maintaining its cohesiveness, despite its youth and the severe depression. Now it has to wrestle with such internal problems as the threatened defection of the I. L. G. W. U. under David Dubinsky and the row that is still going on over Homer Martin in the automobile union. In its legislative program the C. I. O. is still balked at every turn by the A. F. of L., and in the larger political picture it will have to decide whether to continue its support of the Roosevelt Democrats or desert the Democrats altogether for some new progressive coalition.

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A WAGE-HOUR BILL HAS BEEN REPORTED out of the House labor committee, but in itself that is a doubtful victory for the progressive forces. Everything depends on whether it is a wage-hour bill that stands a chance of passage. A three-cornered struggle has been going on for some time within the committee among Mrs. Norton of New Jersey, a henchwoman of Frank Hague, who says she wants a bill that will meet with the approval of the A. F. of L.; Ramspeck of Georgia, a Southern liberal who wants a bill around which he can rally other Southern liberals; and those who want no bill at all. This struggle is reflected in the entire House membership. The differences between the first two groups turn on the issue of allowing for regional differentials in the minima that are established or establishing a flat minimum for the entire nation; and on the issue of whether the bill will be administered by an independent commission of five or by the Departments of Labor and Justice. The Ramspeck subcommittee, intrusted with drafting a bill, turned out one embodying regional differentials and an independent commission. This was voted down by the committee as a whole, and it has now reported out one that starts with a very low general minimum of 25 cents an hour and goes up by an escalator clause to 40 cents in three years; it is intrusted to the Department of Labor for enforcement and the Department of Justice for prosecution. We should be content with either version, if only to get the wage-hour principle established. What is dubious about the new Norton version is that it will face the determined opposition of the entire Southern contingent, liberal as well as reactionary. There is a suspicion current in Washington that the Green-Norton alliance may not be genuine in its desire to see a bill passed. The C. I. O., which has hitherto supported the Ramspeck version, would do well to call the federation's bluff by accepting the Norton bill and demanding a real showdown.

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THE REVOLT AGAINST THE TAMMANY HALL of the American Medical Association, whose principal sachem is Dr. Morris Fishbein, is growing fast. Professor James H. Means of the Harvard Medical School recently made a speech before the American College of Physicians, of which he is president, calling upon physicians "who believe in popular government" to organize an opposition party which will revive free speech in the association and make room for leadership and for policies that have some relevance to the medical problems of the times. From other quarters come similar demands for realism about public health. A special committee of the New York State Medical Society has formulated a program calling upon the government to provide medical care and health insurance for the indigent and lower-income groups. The findings of the committee were reported by Assemblyman Robert F. Wagner, Jr., at the annual conference of the American Association for Social Security. At the same conference James Rorty gave interesting figures to show the economic stake which the A. M. A. politicians have in the medical status quo, noting particularly that the association received $780,297 last year in revenues derived from advertisements of drugs, medicines, and medical equipment and supplies. This is an indication of the resistance Dr. Means and his opposition party must face. But the revolt within the A. M. A. has now become so vigorous and widespread and has drawn so many influential physicians into its ranks that Dr. Fishbein's days would seem to be numbered. His elimination would in itself be a contribution to the public health.

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NOMINATION OF A NEW STOCK EXCHANGE Board, representing almost a complete break with the past, on the very day that Richard Whitney was sentenced to prison was something more than a dramatic coincidence. The downfall of the former president had shaken the morale of Wall Street's Old Guard and given the reforming element a walk-over. It is almost certain that the actual election on May 9 will see the nominated board returned *en bloc*. Control of the Exchange will then pass to men whom the financial pages call "liberals," though a more accurate description would be "realists"—that is to say, men who have grasped the fact that wishful thinking will not resurrect the past; that the SEC is here to stay and Wall Street will get on better by playing ball with it; that if the Exchange is to prove its social utility, it must eliminate its speculative elements and concentrate on the promotion of investment. One of the early tasks of the new board should be to implement proposals for a reduction in membership. As Chairman Douglas of the SEC has pointed out, Wall Street is trying to fill too many mouths.

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NEW YORK'S CITY COLLEGES HAVE COME to enjoy a reputation for the caliber of the men they throw out. Now John T. Flynn, progressive member of the Board of Higher Education, has outlined a reorganization program designed to "liberalize and democratize" these institutions. The new plan, which awaits consideration by the rest of the board, would curtail presidential tyranny in a wide range of administrative affairs, from student discipline to faculty appointments. It would intrust the major control over education machinery to a democratically chosen faculty council. It would give faculty rank to instructors who have attained permanent standing and who have heretofore been barred from almost all participation in shaping the colleges' policies. Some of these proposals have long been in force at more enlightened universities; all of them embody the essence of democratic procedure in higher education. The Flynn program will meet vigorous opposition from college presidents and department heads as well as from conservative pressure groups which have long found these colleges a happy witch-hunting ground. But this is one reorganization program which can hardly be torpedoed through false cries of "dictatorship."

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WITH THE BASEBALL SEASON UNDER WAY, America must boldly face the question: Will the Yankees win again? The answer hinges largely on the fate of Joe Di Maggio, slugging Yankee center fielder. Di Maggio is quietly staging a sitdown strike in his San Francisco restaurant and insisting, between mouthfuls of spaghetti, that he will not play for less than $40,000 a year; in New York, Colonel Ruppert sits tight in his brewery, swearing that $25,000 is the top. Di Maggio's contract has expired, but under the feudal laws governing our national pastime he remains Yankee property, contract or no contract. He has three grim alternatives: to abandon baseball and take up badminton, to return humbly at Ruppert's terms, or to carry on a victorious strike against the Yankee empire even after the season has begun, which has never been done before. Class lines are sharply drawn. Joe McCarthy, the Yankee manager, says that "to give in to Di Maggio would risk the disorganization of our ball club. Many other players would become dissatisfied." The *Daily Worker* has summoned all progressives to Di Maggio's side, while the capitalist press has launched a "back to work" movement, even publishing false reports that Di Maggio has capitulated. The New York *World Telegram* proclaims, "Public Is With Ruppert in Di Maggio Fight," as if Frank Gannett had already begun a telegraphic barrage; even the venerable Sultan of Swat—Babe Ruth—has been persuaded to warn Di Maggio that he is going too far. Well, even $25,000 is a pretty high stipend for an under-dog—but Di Maggio the symbol overshadows Di Maggio the center fielder and restaurateur. His stand has revolutionary implications for third-string catchers who get $4,000 a year, don't talk back, and face exile to Oshkosh at an early age. We hope that Di Maggio holds out until the Yankees sink to seventh place and Colonel Ruppert begs for mercy. We're for Cleveland, anyway.

Spending and Recovery

WHEN the President, in his message to Congress and his fireside chat with the people, called for a new government-spending program and the creation of purchasing power, he finally did something he should have done last August, when employment first began to drop. Every month that he has waited, hesitating and maneuvering, has added to the weight of the unemployment burden to be lifted. But all that is beyond recall. All sorts of objections will be raised, both in and out of Congress, to the President's belated spending program. The real issue is whether Roosevelt's proposals are broad enough to stimulate recovery and whether they are politically strategic.

As announced by Mr. Roosevelt they involve five distinct steps: (1) an appropriation of $1,550,000,000 for the WPA, housing, farm security, the NYA, and the CCC; (2) the setting aside of $1,462,000,000 for additional public works; (3) RFC loans of $1,500,000,000 to private business; (4) the freeing of $1,400,000,000 of sterilized gold to increase the credit basis of the country; and (5) the reduction of the reserve requirements of members of the Federal Reserve system to add another $750,000,000 to the credit base of the country. Each of these schemes merits examination.

It is important to note that the appropriations under Item 1 represent practically no advance over the sums being spent in the current year. They amount to far less than was spent in 1934-36, when general economic conditions were much better than at present. They must, therefore, be written off entirely as a recovery measure. The public-works and housing appropriations under Item

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2 are substantially larger than the sum actually spent in the last year or so, but experience has shown that projects of this type are extremely slow in getting under way, even when preliminary plans have been approved. The country will be fortunate if half of the $1,462,000,000 is actually spent by this time next year. In any case the amount is too small to have a decisive effect on the national economy. The RFC loans to business are frankly emergency measures. They will not stimulate expansion, but will presumably head off deflation. The effect will probably be much the same as under Hoover.

Neither Item 4 nor 5 adds anything directly to the purchasing power of the country. Small amounts of gold have been "desterilized" twice within recent months without effect on the general economic situation. The lowering of reserve requirements has no meaning when there are already excess reserves of $1,700,000,000 in the member banks. In adding approximately $2,150,000,000 to the reserve balances, the two steps provide for a potential credit expansion of about $20,000,000,000, which would be highly inflationary. But with demand for credit at a low ebb, there is no way in which this potential credit can be utilized. Should the unexpected happen and a substantial portion of this credit begin to flow into the country's financial arteries, it would still be easy to head off inflation, as was done last year, by increasing reserve requirements.

The remarkable thing about the President's recommendations is that he has deliberately avoided the use of the monetary powers by which he could unquestionably stimulate recovery—further devaluation of the dollar or utilization of the $1,800,000,000 in the exchange-stabilization fund. There is little to be said in favor of devaluation in view of its unfortunate effects on other countries, but use of part of the stabilization fund, unlike that of the sterilized gold, would throw new purchasing power into the economic system. The gold in the stabilization fund is now completely outside the country's fiscal system. It represents a profit on devaluation which has not yet been taken. Use of this gold would make possible spending without addition to the federal debt. Roosevelt's disinclination to use this power suggests that he has allowed financial orthodoxy to overrule common sense.

The best opinion on why the depression set in so sharply last fall attributes the major blame to the precipitate withdrawal of purchasing power by the government. The great danger is that the Administration will regard its present plan not only as adequate for a spending program but as all that needs to be done. A spending program, no matter how large or how efficiently administered, is not an economic program. It is only one item in such a program. Along with it must go such legislation for raising mass purchasing power as the wage-hour bill. Along with it must go in addition some legislation for dealing with such enormous obstructions to recovery as the bad state of the railroads and the housing industry. One of the major disappointments of Administration policy recently has been the report of the President's committee on the railroads. Instead of grappling with the main problem of writing off inflated railroad capitalization, putting an end to the irresponsible handouts of RFC funds to the roads, setting up effective machinery for making consolidation savings, and creating a government corporation for buying the vast amounts of railroad equipment that the industry needs, the report deals gravely with such piffling matters as the abolition of government passes, and then proposes more RFC handouts and a new fund for equipment without providing for the savings that would make the purchase of equipment economical.

Mr. Roosevelt's position today and that of the whole Democratic Party is a perilous one. To be sure, he has mended matters considerably by his message to Congress and his radio talk. No doubt many of the bandwagon Democrats who have been waiting to catch the drift of popular sentiment will vote for the spending program because their local communities will be behind it. There can be no doubt also that an element of timing has entered the President's calculations, and that he hopes to affect the Congressional elections by the upturn in employment and in the WPA rolls. In American politics such timing has always been considered legitimate, even though in economic terms we pay a heavy price for the delay involved. But the basic cleavage in the Democratic Party persists, and if anything were needed to prove that it is a class cleavage and not merely sectional, it is the tightening of the alliance between the Byrds and the O'Connors in their opposition to the New Deal. The Tammany-Dixie axis has come to stay for a while, and the thing to remember about it is that it represents an alliance of the reactionaries in North and South against the progressives in both sections.

Mr. Roosevelt's latest display of energy does not resolve the doubts concerning his capacity to ride the whirlwind and command the storm. He is beset by difficulties, both within and without his party, as few Presidents have been in the past. One of the most malicious whispering campaigns in our history has been set in motion against him. He has never been outstanding for his economic grasp, but there has always been a tradition about his shrewdness of touch politically. That shrewdness of touch is now being questioned. A man whose strength has always rested on his political adroitness and flexibility has —as a result of the barrage directed at him—grown harder and more rigid in his resistance to his enemies.

The present political mood of the nation is one in which anything can happen. Now that the President has been successfully challenged on several major measures and the economic situation has grown so serious, we may expect a good deal of fishing in the troubled political waters. The Republicans are working away at plans for a coalition with the Democratic tories. Mayor LaGuardia has departed from his promise to stick to New York City affairs and has come forth as a national statesman, with views on South American trade. The La Follettes are laying plans for a progressive coalition in 1940. And the recent move of the C. I. O. in setting up a permanent organization has an enormous political significance.

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For it means that the C. I. O. leaders have given up immediate hope for the sort of unity with the A. F. of L. that is so essential politically to Mr. Roosevelt, and intend to build as strong an economic base for future political effectiveness as they can.

Mr. Roosevelt owes it to the people to move forward with all his political resourcefulness, but with firmness and with a program. The country is waiting for his coming messages, especially the long-deferred one on monopoly. It is waiting for an assurance that the Administration has not drawn its last bow with its spending program, but is ready to institute genuine economic planning to forestall disaster if spending itself proves ineffective. Once the employment figures start going up again, the progressive groups need have no political worries about 1938 or 1940. And if the figures keep going down, no political genius will save the Roosevelt forces from defeat. The only question then will be whether the left or the right will profit from their defeat.

Government by Deadlock

IT WAS said of William E. Gladstone that he could hold the House of Commons entranced with his discussion of a budget bill. We have no Gladstone in our Congress today, but the House and Senate conference committee on the new tax bill is managing to give human interest to taxes. "We met, we exchanged salutations, we adjourned," announced Chairman Harrison of the Senate conferees on April 15; and he added, "We expect to do the same thing again when we meet on Tuesday." While Gladstone dramatized taxes by saying a good deal, our conference committee dramatizes it by doing nothing. It is a supreme example of government by deadlock.

The difference between the tax deadlock and certain others is that while in most cases the business interests benefit from the inaction that results from deadlock, in this case they stand to gain only a headache. That is the President's trump card in the tax game. The two houses have passed wholly different bills. The Senate eliminated the undistributed-profits tax completely, while the House retained it at least in principle; the Senate reduced the capital-gains tax to a flat 15 per cent levy and allowed deduction for losses, while the House provided for maximum rates of 16 to 40 per cent with no deductions. But even the House bill is, from the standpoint of the business opposition, preferable to the present law. And there is the rub. If the conference committee continues to meet and exchange salutations and adjourn, the existing law will continue in force. And if so reactionary a bill is agreed on as to incur the Presidential veto, the same will be true. Hence the President's letter to Chairman Doughton of the House conferees, which came out in unmistakable terms for the House provisions on capital gains and undistributed profits.

It is one of the impressive triumphs of press propaganda that the big corporations have managed to sell the idea of tax reduction to the small business man and even to sections of labor. To understand the tax system is such an arduous effort that this has become one of the areas of ignorance where the repetition of a slogan yields effective results. The press, using the Goebbels technique of reiteration, has repeated so often that business needs to be freed of its tax burden before it will invest and create employment that the man in the street has come to believe it. Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Mr. Doughton is worth reading. It is an eloquent and persuasive defense of liberal principles of taxation against the inroads of the New Mellonism. But the press has smothered it in silence.

Our prediction is that the conferees will soon agree on a compromise. Given the present state of doctored public opinion, Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to make a major fight on taxation. Nor can big business and its mercenaries in the Senate afford to take a chance on an indefinite deadlock which will give new life to the existing act. The House may yield on capital gains if the Senate yields on undistributed profits.

Paris Bows to London

THE rapidity with which French democracy is deteriorating in the face of a rising fascism is clearly set forth in Alexander Werth's article on another page of this issue. The process of decay has been even more rapid in the few days during which Daladier has held office. Having obtained consent to rule by decree until July 31, the new Premier immediately utilized his power against organized labor. There were reports that troops would be called to end the wave of strikes which had paralyzed the metal industries of Paris, but this proved unnecessary. Pressure by the government's arbitration authorities was sufficient to settle most disputes.

The most alarming evidence of deterioration may be found in the sphere of foreign policy. It is apparent that Daladier, even more than his predecessors, is determined to follow British leadership. The traditional French policy of reliance on the League, the Franco-Soviet pact, and the Little Entente is to be abandoned in favor of the Chamberlain policy of deals with the dictators. Daladier will not lift a hand to save republican Spain; instead, he is expected to follow the British example and send trade representatives to Burgos. Negotiations with Mussolini for an Italian-French agreement along the lines of the pact just signed by Great Britain and Italy will probably be announced soon. The Franco-Soviet pact will be sidetracked, and in its place a firmer military alliance with England is anticipated.

Some observers, even in the United States, profess to see better prospects for peace in the "realistic" Chamberlain-Daladier policies than in the "dangerous" program of opposing fascist aggression. The way to remove the threat of war, in this view, is to give the fascist countries all they are asking for—although possibly not all at once—and thus remove the temptation for aggression. The new Italian-British pact is hailed as a master-

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stroke in this new diplomatic game, since it is designed not only to ease the tension in the Mediterranean but to woo Mussolini away from the Rome-Berlin axis.

Since this pact represents the sum of Chamberlain's positive achievements to date, it is necessary to examine it in some detail. Great Britain gained six promises from Italy: (1) the Italian government reaffirmed its declaration of January 2, 1937, respecting the status quo in the Mediterranean; (2) it agreed to respect the independence of Saudi Arabia and Yemen; (3) to discontinue its anti-British propaganda in Palestine and Arabia; (4) to grant freedom of worship to British religious bodies in Italian East Africa; (5) to reduce the Italian contingent in Libya to peace-time strength; and (6) to withdraw from Spain after the successful conclusion of its invasion. It will be observed that the only important new obligations are the third and fifth. Withdrawal of Italian troops from Spain after the conflict was implicit in the 1937 agreement, which Italy apparently never intended to keep.

In return, Britain made three fundamental concessions: (1) it agreed to use its influence with the League to obtain recognition of Mussolini's theft of Ethiopia; (2) it guaranteed Italy full access to and use of the Suez Canal; (3) it allowed Mussolini to delay virtually indefinitely the withdrawal of his men from Spain. In short, Great Britain repudiated the basic principles of international law and the professions of the non-intervention agreement in return for promises to respect a number of specific but minor British rights. Such promises in the past have been honored at Mussolini's convenience. There is no new reason to suppose that they will be respected. Nor is there any obligation or implication in the pact which in any way weakens Mussolini's bonds with Hitler. A more complete victory for the fascist cause could not have been achieved if Hitler himself had been sitting in on the negotiations.

Perhaps the most convincing answer to persons like Chamberlain and Daladier who believe that the dictators can be stopped by concessions and gentlemen's agreements is that provided by German history in 1933. The leaders of the German political parties also believed that the growing Nazi menace could be checked by political understandings. The Social Democrats were lulled into inaction by Hitler's promise never to go outside the constitution. The Junkers believed that they had outmaneuvered him when they persuaded him to accept a place in a coalition Cabinet, and the Catholic center was negotiated into impotence. What no one in Germany at that time realized was that nothing save the threat of force could keep Hitler from gaining his ends. The limitations on the use of force which civilized persons had come to respect—such as agreements, law, and honor—were just so many devices to be used or cast aside as the considerations of the moment demanded. German democrats paid for their gullibility with their lives. There is grave danger that the same fate may overwhelm France within the coming months. And the forces which threaten France also endanger democracy and freedom the world over.

A Cable from the Front

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Barcelona, April 18

THE military situation is more serious now that the rebels are on the Barcelona-Valencia road. But the two parts of republican Spain will be in close contact with each other by sea, air, and radio. General Miaja, ably assisted by persons with greater political experience, will act as a sort of viceroy in central Spain and will be supplied with arms by factories in his own province and shipments from abroad and from Catalonia. The fleet, with Cartagena as a base, will meet no serious opposition when it ventures forth to convoy transports and at night, at least, will be exposed to little danger from aerial attack. Military men and political leaders will be able to travel back and forth between Catalonia and Madrid without great difficulty. The district around Madrid can continue to feed itself with the insufficiency which it has stoically accepted these many months. The spirit of Madrid is reported to be excellent, and its resistance is likely to be long and stubborn. Spaniards are bad organizers, and it remains to be seen whether the decentralization resulting from the bisection of the republic will hamper or facilitate the prosecution of the war in each section.

Meanwhile certain factors brighten the dark picture: First, the government army is better equipped, airplanes excepted, than it has ever been. Second, in recent weeks even airplanes have been coming in from abroad—the first in months. Their number is small, but hopes of further importations are high. Third, I have talked during these last few days to five members of the new Negrín government and they are calm and full of fight. They cannot all be Don Quixotes. Fourth, human reserves have been scarcely tapped (too many civilians are still on the streets), and if there is time to train them there will be no shortage of soldiers. Fifth, the Ebro River is a good natural defense line for Catalonia, and if the fascists for that reason turn in the direction of Valencia, the Barcelona authorities will have an opportunity to mobilize Catalan resources. As Del Vayo said to me yesterday, "Time has the floor."

Now for a sketchy reference to conditions in Barcelona: Most homes and buildings are furnished with electric light, but the current goes off occasionally, sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for several hours. The elevator in my hotel is not running—and I live on the sixth floor. Trolleys, which are beginning to look like Moscow street cars in their worst period, and the underground are operating with reduced service. The food situation is no better and no worse, but distribution is smoother, and the government is increasing imports.

Everybody asks about what hope there is of getting airplanes and other arms from France, from America, and from Russia. The answer will determine the fate of Spain for a generation. It will also determine the next phase of European history.

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The Fight on Spending

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 17

IN THE most difficult crisis of his Administration Roosevelt acted with boldness and sagacity. In plumping squarely for an adequate spending-lending program he chose the only possible way out of this depression. By coupling the program with demands for wage-and-hour legislation and a tax bill that does not reek of Wall Street, he went to the mat with the forces which are conspiring to wreck his Administration and discredit his main objectives. And he did it in a way that gives him the initial strategic advantage. He starts off with a half-Nelson on his adversary. Whether he can hold it will depend largely on his own stamina and alertness. He is in for the struggle of his life, and he will find himself contending with tactics fouler than he has yet encountered. The lying and dissembling which characterized the attacks on the court plan and the reorganization bill were marvels of truth and purity compared with what is in store.

It is essential always to keep in mind what this fight is about. In Washington that is quite clear. Primarily this is a struggle for control of the Administration which will take office in 1941. Two powerful economic groups are determined, for obvious reasons, to bring about the end of the New Deal, either in the next Democratic National Convention or in the ensuing election. They are (1) the public utilities, headed by the power companies, and (2) all the industrial forces which are bent upon the repeal, emasculation, or sabotage of the Labor Relations Act. Every major move against Roosevelt hereafter must be understood in the light of that fact. The truth is that a vastly larger stake may depend upon the outcome, but the elements which have fixed upon those immediate objectives have not sense enough to perceive it.

There is plentiful evidence right now that the whole country is riding head to head with economic disaster and that events of the next six or seven months will determine the winner of the race. Roosevelt did not act a moment too soon to arrest the course of the deadly downward spiral; it remains to be seen whether he acted soon enough. We could all feel safer if he had listened earlier to the counsel of such men as Senator La Follette and Leon Henderson. On the other hand, experience may have convinced him that this country must bleed almost to death before it is ready to accept a transfusion. Wall Street's prescription—repeal of the undivided-profits and capital-gains taxes—would be equivalent to giving the patient an aspirin. In any case, it will be touch and go from now on, with time a vital factor. Accordingly, it may be illuminating to study the tactics of the opposition, for it is my belief that those tactics will consist mainly of division, diversion, and delay.

Frontal attacks on the recovery program will hardly originate in Congress. With elections coming on, that would be too risky. One of the first moves I expect to see is a broadside of propaganda featuring the fear that the government's credit is about to be destroyed. If anyone questions how that would be accomplished by adding one or two billions to a debt of forty billions, I am sure Frank Gannett or General Johnson will be ready with the answer. No doubt Dorothy Thompson is ready with it now. But the serious dirty work is likely to come from another and more dangerous quarter. I expect to see it take the form of a series of amendments to the pending appropriations for public works. There will be all sorts of proposals to earmark the funds for particular purposes and to allocate them rigidly among prescribed districts. The success of such moves would impede the program seriously, perhaps fatally. Some localities, more farsighted than others, are infinitely better prepared to put men and money to work. For example, there is no doubt whatever that Mayor LaGuardia could use more money, and to better advantage, than half a dozen states that are represented in the Senate by such men as Byrd and King.

Perhaps the most powerful single influence in Congress today is Vice-President Garner. Spending for purposes other than acquiring ranches and banks is abhorrent to the Texas Tightwad, and he has forgotten more tricks than Houdini knew. Therefore watch for amendments which would require states and municipalities to pay interest on the loans, or to repay the principal at a swifter pace than 2 per cent a year, or to match the federal funds with funds of their own—in amounts which they haven't got and couldn't possibly raise. There might even be a proposal to appoint a joint committee of Congress to control the expenditures, although it probably would fail unless all members of both houses were assured in advance of appointment to the committee. I shall not attempt to forecast all the stratagems which will be resorted to, but the foregoing should convey some idea of what to expect. While it is happening, the rest of us, like prisoners in a powder factory, will be privileged to watch the children blazing away at the firemen with roman candles—and to hope the engines start pumping before the conflagration cuts loose with a thunder of collapsing railroads and exploding insurance companies and savings banks.

In all the excitement and suspense, however, there is something which should not be forgotten: the most

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valuable and productive Senate investigation since that which saved Teapot Dome and Elk Hills for the nation is about to suspend for lack of funds. That is the investigation of civil-liberties violations by the committee of which Senator La Follette is chairman. This history-making job of legislative spadework ranks right up with the Wagner Act, the TVA Act, and the Public Utility Holding Company Act as among the outstanding achievements of the last five years. Its value in exposing practices which were reducing large areas of American industry to an uninhabitable jungle, and thus assisting in the eradication of those practices, has been almost incalculable. It was the most effective agent in informing public opinion why unions and collective bargaining are indispensable in civilizing industry. It has done its part in hammering numerous recalcitrant employers into acceptance of the Wagner Act. It was a powerful factor in persuading Big Steel, General Motors, and Chrysler that union recognition offered them almost as many advantages as it promised their employees. Indeed, if industrialists were grateful they would fall on their knees each morning and thank a thoughtful Providence for Wagner and La Follette.

Unless the committee is given $60,000 by the Senate, it will be not only unable to proceed with work which is urgently needed, but unable to complete much that is almost finished. In several instances all the necessary field work has been done, and the committee is ready to proceed with hearings. In others hearings have been completed, but the committee lacks money to compile reports. Most urgent of all, it needs funds with which to prepare legislation to correct the shocking evils which have been uncovered. At the risk of being called a Gannett—which God forbid!—I cannot forbear to point out that a few letters and telegrams might help a good cause. They have been used to help enough bad ones.

A Foreign Policy for America

[*We are printing below the last of the series of statements by prominent liberals concerning an American foreign policy designed to keep this country out of war. In our next issue we will publish the final returns in* The Nation's *poll on the subject, together with an analysis of the vote.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK

Professor Emeritus of the Philosophy of Education at Teachers' College

Your request that I propose a foreign policy for our country sets a hard task. It is easy to state a remoter goal, a desirable but necessarily distant better world arrangement. But to state such next steps as will probably lead us fruitfully forward—that's the rub.

As to a remoter goal, I must reject the theory of international anarchy under which this country now prefers to live. I cannot approve an arrangement that leaves any nation free to run amuck among the other nations. We have established law and order and police power to curb the individual criminal man. I believe we must eventually establish a like international law and order and police power to curb the criminal nation. Only the anarchist, it would appear, can consistently deny this necessity.

How to get rid of this actual international anarchy is more difficult now to state than it was at any time between 1920 and the rape of Ethiopia. In 1920 I thought we should enter the League of Nations. But times have changed. Even if it were psychologically feasible to advocate joining now, actual joining would, as matters at present stand, leave the main problem much as it now is.

The policy of isolation I must reject, partly because it would prove impossible to enforce in any great war, partly because it seems a cowardly and immoral refusal to face world facts. In a world war, isolation would bring worse depression than 1929, so that the farmers, to name but one group, would refuse to have all foreign trade shut off.

An alliance with Great Britain may ultimately be forced upon us, but things will have to become much more threatening before this will be acceptable to our people, especially with a Tory government in power in England.

The best immediate answer seems to be a reasonable degree of military preparedness—much as I hate all such—with greatly increased study of foreign affairs. Preparedness is dangerous, but probably not as encouraging to predatory world fascism as the opposite policy. Meanwhile we must get as many people as we can studying foreign affairs in the hope that wisdom will gradually emerge. If such study should indicate a league against ruthless power, my own tentative leanings will have found support.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Expert on International Law and Finance

Human history is the record of constant struggle between the dynamic and the static—the urge to acquire and the desire to retain. Force, actual or implicit, is the primitive recourse of dynamic elements. It is their inevitable recourse unless there is provided some social order which adequately permits of peaceful change. But if peace be equated with the indefinite perpetuation of an existing status, then peace will never be achieved.

In the international field there exists as yet no adequate provision for peaceful change. Peace has in fact been equated with the status quo. "Collective security" represents essentially an alliance of satisfied nations to preserve their existing advantages intact. This is not merely futile but is worse in that it means that any one of many inevitable changes may precipitate a war of worldwide scope.

So long as "collective security" means an attempt to achieve the impossible, the United States should remain aloof. Stripped of the romanticism which attaches to the phrase, "collective security" is to be judged as a defensive alliance. For the United States such an alliance is more of a liability than an asset.

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Of course we cannot, in the long run, by isolation achieve either security or peace. We can only achieve these by realizing, in international affairs, a system which will strike a fair balance between the static and the dynamic and afford the latter an adequate opportunity for peaceful expression. We should strive to conceive of such a system, and if any practical plan is devised, be prepared to cooperate to give it practical realization.

MORRIS L. ERNST*

Counsel to the American Civil Liberties Union

We need a new word to describe what I think is the common denominator of American opinion on the subject of tactics for maintaining world peace. "Isolation" has the implication of withdrawal from cultural as well as economic relations with the world. Collective security implies collective warfare, which to me implies collective suicide. Moreover, no one is in favor of collective security without first picking the governments with which we should collect. Do we collect to save a dictatorship on the left or a dictatorship on the right? Do we collect only with democracies? The phrase "collective security" is essentially a phony slogan.

The common denominator should include the following factors:

1. We believe in the democratic process, and we are convinced that, given a piece of land, the difference between real poverty and wealth lies solely in the degree to which there is a free market in ideas. We are opposed to dictatorships of the right, middle, or left.

2. We are convinced that if this country goes into a war outside our own borders, there is a real danger that at the end of the war we shall have a dictatorship—in all probability one of the right.

3. We believe in the continuance of our tradition of national protest by Presidential or Congressional action against all steps taken by other nations against democracy and the basic principles of freedom of thought.

4. We believe that from the time we first sold machinery to foreign nations the profit in our foreign trade was doomed. We are convinced that whereas isolated manufacturers can make money out of foreign trade, the nation as a whole cannot make money, which means give employment, by foreign trade, because only to a minor and limited degree can our shipments abroad be paid for. Foreign countries have not got the gold, and the acceptance of merchandise by us spells misery and unemployment in our land. We believe it is economically unsound for us to sacrifice human life on battlefields to protect any portion of our foreign trade, profitable or not.

5. We are opposed to the export of munitions.

6. We are in favor of the United States acting as the leader in calling conferences to explore the causes of war and to discover methods of preventing particular wars.

7. We are opposed to an increase in the army and the navy, particularly in the latter, because a larger navy would be an unwise investment from a strictly defensive point of view. Only three ports in the United States are big enough to permit an invading army to land. No nation has ever been able to land a large invading army at an unfriendly armed port.

8. We are opposed to the jammering about Great Britain and France failing to sacrifice their citizens in the struggle against the dictatorships of Europe. Unless we are ready to back up with our blood the sacrifices which we urge on England and France, we have no right to continue the jammering. We admit that if the perils of the dictatorships of Europe were at our front door, as they are at the threshold of France and England, we should have to face them in ways different than those above indicated.

9. We are in favor of such action by the American people that a declaration of war or the placing of an embargo will only take effect after a referendum by the American people. Realistically considered, an embargo can well be a step toward war.

10. We are in favor of taking away from the President the power of bargaining away our basic rights of peace or war, although flexibility of bargaining power might be essential if we were not separated from Europe and Asia by vast bodies of water.

*For lack of space we are unable to print Mr. Ernst's statement in its entirety.—EDITORS THE NATION.

GEORGE FORT MILTON

Editor of the Chattanooga News

With respect to the fundamental issue of isolation versus collaboration in collective efforts to avert or to end war, I believe that any further move on our part toward isolation would be a great mistake. Our experience in the recent past both with the civil war in Spain and with the undeclared war between China and Japan indicates clearly the dangers of any isolation doctrine not only to the procurement of justice and the restoration of peace in areas in conflict but likewise to the well-being of our country. The present Neutrality Act has already shown itself ill-suited to realities, and we need no longer expect ostrich measures of this sort to have any benefit for this country.

The proposed naval increases seem to me necessitated by the actual conditions of our world today.

Isolation is, I feel, especially harmful to this country because it leads us to take a shortsighted, unrealistic, and hopeless course in our neutrality arrangements, our political attitudes, and our economic relations. As to the relation of American policy to the peace of the world, my major premise is that the world can have little hope for a valid and enduring peace unless there shall come to it general and pervasive prosperity. By this I mean that every social group, every nation, should have the opportunity to obtain a sufficient fund of goods and services for the minimal satisfactions of its people.

Of one thing we can be certain: prosperity cannot come by isolation. No nation can gain nearly so much from the shining pride of isolation as it can from active association in the great family of nations. Peace must be built upon the bedrock foundation of prosperity for every group, every class, every race, every nation. With rising standards of living and diminishing hatreds, fears, and insecurities there will surely come those new political arrangements necessary for the maintenance of peace.

JAMES P. BAXTER, 3d

President of Williams College

Isolation as a means of escaping involvement in a European war seems to me the most dangerous of American illusions. It encourages aggressor nations to pursue courses which in the end will provoke a war from which we shall find it difficult if not impossible to abstain. Our new neutrality policy seems to me more likely to embroil us in strife than our policy prior to 1917. It presupposes curtailment of our economic life to a degree intolerable under twentieth-century conditions, and far from contributing to the maintenance of

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general peace or to penalizing aggression it may under certain conditions actually work to the advantage of the aggressor.

To my mind we have less to fear from economic forces drawing us into the next war than from emotional forces—our sympathy for democracies and our antipathy to dictatorships. The difficulty of staying out of a long war will be so great that it behooves us to do what we can to prevent war from breaking out.

It may be that Secretary Hull's policy of parallel action goes as far as American public opinion would at present permit. I should favor, however, a simultaneous declaration by the United States, Great Britain, and France that they will discourage their nationals from lending to aggressor states before as well as after a technical declaration of war. Further than that it seems to me unwise to go in the way of economic sanctions, which to my mind are war measures, likely if pressed hard to involve us in hostilities of a direr sort.

Whether our policy be based on isolation or on collective action, we should maintain a fleet of the first rank. In a world where force plays a more open and predominant role than at any time since 1918, the maintenance of a strong navy seems to me not only an essential guaranty of national security but a contribution to world peace. By no other course are we so likely to find a way to restore the limitation of navies by international agreement.

Behind Blum's Failure

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, April 3

PERHAPS a brief summary of what has happened in France in the last few weeks is necessary if coming events are to be properly appreciated. In the middle of January the Chautemps Cabinet, which had been in office for six months, resigned in rather strange circumstances. Under the pressure of the big financial interests Chautemps decided that his government must no longer be chaperoned by the Communists; and since the Socialists regarded this as an attempt against the Front Populaire majority, their ministers resigned from the Chautemps government, and so brought it down. After a Cabinet crisis which lasted nearly a week Chautemps again became Premier, but this time at the head of a much weaker government, in which the Socialists no longer held any place but which, on the other hand, could count on the good-will of the banks owing to the presence in it of two such "orthodox" financiers as Georges Bonnet and Paul Marchandeau. This government began with the enormous majority of 501 to 1; but that meant nothing, for everybody voted for it with a great many mental reservations. After barely five weeks this government suddenly resigned. In tackling the enormously difficult financial and economic problem M. Chautemps asked the Socialists and Communists if they would support his demand for plenary powers, and their reply was no. Whereupon, rather than turn to the opposition for support and so send the Socialists into opposition, Chautemps simply resigned, without asking the Chamber for a vote—much to the anger and disgust of the center and the right. It was afterward also whispered that the wily little man had made a good guess of what was about to happen in Austria and that he preferred not to face the music of the Nazi airplanes droning over Vienna. If so, he perhaps decided to resign not out of sheer cowardice but in the hope that the moment was arriving for a strong national government, and that under the pressure of events in Central Europe all the French parties would sink, or at any rate smooth out, their differences and produce this long-desired demonstration of national unity. During the previous Cabinet crisis in January Blum had already launched the idea of a government "from Reynaud to Thorez"—that is, a government of true republicans, including the Front Populaire parties and also the genuinely democratic part of the opposition. But the time was not yet ripe, and Reynaud, unwilling to quarrel with his colleagues on the right, asked that Blum invite them too. This was asking too much, for one could not work with "fascists."

On March 12, while the German troops were pouring into Vienna, Blum made a desperate attempt to form not a government from Reynaud to Thorez (the Communist leader) but a national government comprising all parties, even fascists. He hoped that with war brought so much nearer by the Austrian coup Frenchmen would stop quarreling. The left on that occasion showed a patriotic and broad-minded spirit, but with the exception of a few clearsighted men like Paul Reynaud and the Catholic Démocrates Populaires, and a few impulsive enthusiasts like Henry de Kerillis, who exclaimed, "M. Blum, you are a great Frenchman!" (a phrase of which he no longer likes to be reminded), the right and center would not hear of it. In any case they disliked Blum, and found a convenient excuse for not joining his government in the allegation that the Communists were "not Frenchmen" but agents of Moscow. They were unimpressed by the reply that when the war came the Communists would fight for France just like everybody else, and that it was no use having the Paris working class

Camille Chautemps

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against the national government; and the idea of an all-party national government, which would have enormously strengthened France's position in Europe, had to be abandoned. Whereupon Blum formed an ordinary Socialist-Radical coalition, which in his own opinion was only a stop-gap until something more representative of the nation as a whole could be devised. Unfortunately, the more he emphasized the necessity of a genuine national government, the more the right and center imagined that this was only a "stunt" calculated to keep the Front Populaire parties in the key positions. They had also other, and even weightier, reasons of their own for not responding to Blum's appeal.

Though only a stop-gap, the Blum government had to face a set of extremely disagreeable problems, including the immensely dangerous international situation, which was gravely complicated from the French point of view by the rapid advance on Barcelona of the Spanish insurgents, heavily equipped with new airplanes and guns from Germany and Italy, and by a financial crisis that had been hanging over France for several months past. Blum's problem was to find till the end of the year some thirty billion francs, most of it required by the newly established but, alas, empty national defense fund. He obtained the first five billion by simply resorting to inflation, but this easy method could not continue, and the money had to be found in some other way. Conditions for a long-term loan were as unfavorable as they could possibly be, and the Blum government had to consider more heroic means of meeting the deficit—special new taxation, compulsory conversion, possibly a camouflaged form of exchange control, and the like.

Blum's greatest obstacle was the Senate. It hates him as it hates no other man. It holds him responsible for the humiliations it had to suffer in 1936, when under the pressure of the great strikes it was made to pass at top speed a large part of the Front Populaire program. The Senate does not like to be rushed. It usually puts unpopular bills aside for a few years, until they are forgotten. But, as I shall show later, the opposition of the Senate has acquired a dangerously new coloring. In the past the Senate could be relied upon to "defend the republican tradition" and to stand for "moderation" against excesses from either the left or the right; in 1930 and 1931 it turned out Tardieu and Laval, and in 1934 it helped to turn out the semi-fascist government of *le père* Doumergue. But it now seems to have clearly identified itself with political reaction.

The tragedy is that, in spite of a very real desire among the great majority of Frenchmen for a strong but truly representative national government, in spite of all the efforts that have been made in that direction by the Radicals and Socialists, France is now more than ever divided into two hostile camps. The politicians are, and so is the press, the press of the right having in the last few weeks conducted a dangerous anti-parliamentary campaign which is curiously reminiscent of the murderous campaign that culminated in the riots of February, 1934.

Other strange fascist conceptions which seemed dead and buried long ago are cautiously popping their heads out of the pages of the right-wing press. The fascist idea is camouflaged under such phrases as a "government of public safety"; but the impulsive Kerillis let the cat out of the bag by explaining that such a government of strong personalities could have no reference to the state of the parties in Parliament, and that "for the good of France" it would be necessary to send Parliament on holiday for two years, dissolve the trade unions, revise the constitution (how old Doumergue must be chuckling in heaven, or wherever he is!), and establish a little press censorship. The most curious thing of all is that the people backing such a fascist program are hoping that the Senate will help them—in the first place by throwing out the Blum government, with its Socialists who had the bad taste to proclaim that the Senate should be reduced to the position of the British House of Lords.

Léon Blum

Are these hopes justified? It is possible. At any rate, a very curious dialogue took place the other day between Blum and Caillaux, that arch-enemy of the Front Populaire, and the most influential man in the Senate. It so happened that Blum was prompted to remind Caillaux of "the Rubicon," that is, of certain little dictatorial schemes—curiously reminiscent of Kerillis's present scheme—with which the great man used to play during the war, shortly before being arrested by Clemenceau on a charge of high treason. (He was then saved by the left from the bullets of the firing squad—but he does not like to be reminded of that.) "Don't forget," Blum said, "that you once tried to cross the Rubicon." "And I am sorry I didn't," Caillaux exclaimed, purple with anger. (It was all a little embarrassing for M. Caillaux's worthy colleagues, including M. Jeanneney, the president of the Senate, who had supported the high-treason verdict.)

Since then Gassier, the famous cartoonist, has drawn in the *Lumière* a picture of the "heroes" of February 6, with M. Chiappe explaining to M. Caillaux as he looks across the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies: "Yes, M. le Président, this river is the Seine. But since February 6 we have been calling it the Rubicon." The battle between the Blum government and the Senate is extremely interesting to watch, precisely because of the Caesar-like tendencies that the hoary old men have lately been betraying. If they are after Blum's blood, it may not be entirely out of pure devotion to democracy and the republic.

It will be interesting to know how far all these would-be authoritarians and would-be fascists are ready to go. The country is not behind them, and in their endeavors

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to wreck and then "suspend" normal parliamentary government they must reckon with sharp reactions from the left, particularly from the working class. Jouhaux, the trade-union leader, has already warned them to look out for a general strike.

It is a thousand pities that in the Europe of today the French right, instead of cooperating with the rest of the nation, should be hatching such dangerous—and, in the long run, futile—plans. A national government could have worked; on the day of the Austrian coup even the Communists were ready, for the sake of this national government, to abandon the forty-hour week, that most controversial of the Front Populaire reforms. But even on these terms the right would not "march." They believe that the international situation is becoming increasingly favorable to them, and they are trying to make political capital out of it. If Franco wins, France will be "encircled" by fascist powers, and Frenchmen with a similar outlook will then claim that they alone can speak to the dictators on "equal terms"—and without being accused of "bolshevism," which in the vocabulary of Hitler and his satellites is a convenient synonym for democracy.

It is significant that the right-wing press should not only be rejoicing madly over Franco's victories, regardless of what his final capture of Spain may mean to France's southern border and its Mediterranean sea routes, but that they should all have discovered what they believe will in time become a popular and vital slogan: "To hell with Czechoslovakia." One need hardly emphasize the immense implications of this slogan; it means, above all, the acceptance of France's defeat as a European power. M. Flandin, who since his visit to Berlin has more or less openly advocated such a policy, imagines that France can intrench itself behind the Maginot line and become an empire power, with France and England helping each other to preserve their "empires." So "To hell with Czechoslovakia." However cynical the slogan may sound, most Frenchmen would agree with it if only they were sure that Hitler had abandoned all designs on Alsace-Lorraine, and that after becoming master of half of Europe he would nobly scrap the final item of his program—the *Vernichtung* (annihilation) of France; or if they were sure that Mussolini had lost interest in French North Africa, and in the domination of *mare nostrum* generally. But there is no such certainty. It is true that Italian opinion has been deeply perturbed by the invasion of Austria; ordinary Italians are more critical than ever of Mussolini, who, they say, has exchanged the *passo Brennero* for the *passo romano* (the goose step). But it is too early to conclude from this that Mussolini will follow his public opinion; that he will observe his new gentlemen's agreement with England, abandon Spain to the Spaniards, and gradually break up the axis, one end of which is beginning to stick into the flesh of the northern Italians. For the present, at any rate, one would be an optimist if one credited Mussolini with the common sense of the Milan workman or the Venetian peasant. The demonstration of the failure of all he has done in the last two years would be too apparent. And dictators do not readily admit failure.

It is possible that when the Blum government goes it will be replaced by a Daladier-Reynaud combination. This in itself would be a "normal" government, but even if it is formed, it will not mean that the French reactionaries have abandoned their little plans forever. Much will depend on what Chamberlain *really* achieves in Rome—and not only on paper.

Columnists on Parade

VI. WALTER LIPPMANN

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

CONTEMPLATING Walter Lippmann, his career and works, one comes to feel that he was born fifty years too late in the wrong country, and that he has been trying since an early age to redress the error. He would have enjoyed an earldom and a British country seat—his nostalgia for Great Britain is deep. Denied these amenities through the misfortune of having been born into the American Jewish bourgeoisie in a troubled period, he has constructed for himself an elegant retreat in the American province, for whose crudities he has a profound distaste. For lack of more eligible material he has managed to fashion the aristocracy he longs for out of the clay of big business; meanwhile he has found it possible, by means of his prose and a flair for quotations ranging from Aristotle to Ludwig von Mises, to present to the world a high-minded "liberal" attitude which is brought to new perfection in his latest book, "The Good Society."

Lippmann was a socialist in college and for some years afterward. But he soon became disillusioned. It was not long thereafter that his prose made him chief editorial writer of the *New Republic*. In this capacity he became adviser to statesmen during the war to save democracy and firmly established as a writer and public figure. From *New Republic* to New York *World* to New York *Herald Tribune*. Lippmann has moved steadily to the right; his prestige and prosperity have increased concomitantly. There is a temptation to dismiss him, in an old phrase, as a man who began with a wealth of thought and ended with the thought of wealth. But the Lippmann processes suggest a multiple and more subtle diagnosis. It is a truism that the effective apologist, like the cruder

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type of demagogue, must be himself at least half-deceived.

In the first place it is sufficient to examine "The Good Society" to discover that Lippmann lacks completely that creative imagination which enables the social thinker to lift himself over impending mountains to reach new heights of understanding. In "The Good Society" he has built up a conception of the common law as an instrument for bringing about the eventual emancipation of mankind which is so romantic that it would be difficult to credit his belief in his own prose—except that he shows in the process no understanding whatever of the dynamics of social forces. This latest volume is full of tears for personal liberty—it is a very sentimental book—but they represent the emotional insecurity of a baffled individual, not the compassion of one who sees the whole range of social problems spread out below.

> At bottom [Lippmann wrote in 1914] the issue is between those who are willing to enter upon an effort for which there is no precedent and those who aren't. In a real sense it is an adventure. We have still to explore the new scale of human life which machinery has thrust upon us. . . . We have still to adapt our abilities to immense tasks. Of course, men shudder and beg to be let off . . .

Unable to scale the heights, he gave up the adventure. Unwilling to take the name of conservative, he has found refuge in a rationalization that happens at the same time to insure both his prestige and his career. His theory that the free market is the victim of artificially arrested development—and who can disprove it?—enables him to live in a classless society, pre-Marxian, where he aspires to take up at the point where Adam Smith was unfortunately deployed into rationalizations that made *him* an apologist for an earlier capitalism. From Lippmann's station, not above the battle but behind it, Marxism appears as an unfortunate accident which gave rise to the boorish error of collectivism that has thwarted the orderly development of the free market. Obviously the only thing to do is to chop down collectivism in both business and government and find our way back to pure capitalism. Mr. Lippmann, the "pioneer liberal," has already arrived there by following his own prose, and he is glad to point out several times a week in the *Herald Tribune* and 159 other newspapers (circulation 8,000,000), at some $54,000 a year, which growths should be eliminated. The pompous coolness with which Lippmann issues his counsels of perfection seems to denote omniscience and a profound wisdom. In reality it reflects the poverty of spirit which has made it both possible and necessary for him to revert to antique and elegant attitudes in the midst of one of history's greatest conflicts.

If we commit the lèse majesté of comparing Lippmann with Mark Sullivan we discover that while Sullivan defends personal liberty in the name of the free market, Lippmann defends the free market in the name of personal liberty. They both come out at the same end of public opinion, where they meet the best people—who are also devoted to personal liberty and the free market. But Mark Sullivan is patently just an old reactionary—in his slow-motion prose he fights the socialist menace with a quixotic heat that is almost endearing at times—while Lippmann's felicitous approach gives to his columns an air of high-mindedness and detachment. Lippmann cannot be held responsible for not being a fighter—as Mabel Dodge Luhan once said, "Walter will never, never lose an eye in a fight"—but his industry in building up the illusion that he is one of the few remaining liberals in a world gone totalitarian and ill-mannered cannot be more than half unconscious.

Yet if we examine his column, Today and Tomorrow, we find that Lippmann's prose leads a double life. What may be called his Good Society columns alternate with plain conservative ones which are far more immediate, often vehement, and have no apparent relation to his more formal point of view. The two modes intermingle, but for the past three months his discussions of domestic policy have been mainly Good Society columns; his plain conservative columns have dealt with foreign policy and affairs. Numerically they have been rather evenly divided.

In a typical Good Society column Lippmann the early liberal in his ivory tower carefully distinguishes between those elements in Roosevelt's latest move which are in accord with Lippmann's "higher law" of the free market and those which are tainted with heresy. These columns are impersonal, cool, and impeccable, as if they had provided pleasant exercise for an agile mind. They deflect any outright charge of conservatism, and when they are concerned with relatively minor issues they are often enlightening. His recent comments on the President's reorganization plan, on the education bill, and on the need for a responsible, well-mannered opposition were good examples. In such cases his early liberalism is sufficient to cope with the issue. When he deals with more dynamic questions his point of view is inadequate, first because it is dated, and second because it is not tipped with any fire of perception or conviction. And sometimes it leads him to conclusions that look positively quaint in a daily newspaper in 1938 when capitalists at least do not hesitate to fight their class battles openly. Item:

> Surely it must be plain that the issue is not the odious crime of lynching, *nor anything rising from Southern feeling about the relations of the white and colored peoples,* but a deep difference of opinion about the proper functions of the national government [my italics].

In such passages even the style is antique.

Often his early liberalism permits him to pose well, though in a limited perspective, the dilemma of the New Deal. But his own solution—the restoration of the free market as of 1870—is so irrelevant that the reader may be forgiven for thinking that it is himself who does not understand. Lippmann was skeptical of the sincerity of Robert H. Jackson's recent attack on monopoly. "If the New Dealers really mean to base their future reform on the liberal principle of the free market rather than on the collectivist principle of monopoly and planning," that would be good news, and "they would no longer be promoting reaction in the name of progress." But to a

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man who assumes that the growth of monopoly is rather a problem in law than the result of any organic processes in the dynamic mechanism of capitalism, which also produced its laws, the failure of the New Deal to solve the problem by changing the laws is merely a sign of wilfulness.

> Mr. Roosevelt's real *desire* [my italics] is not to break up the private concentration of economic power but to promote it and then to direct this private monopoly by the power of a centralized government.

This attitude often lends to Lippmann's criticism of Roosevelt a cast as personal as Pegler's, though it lacks Pegler's heat. Roosevelt "likes his grudges more than his ideals. He would rather punish his enemies than realize his promises." Roosevelt is "anti-capitalist" out of feudal motives. "He distrusts the trader as the landed nobility has always distrusted him." He is also, of course, tainted with the socialist heresy.

> I rather think that the President, in so far as he considers these matters, is of the opinion that the capitalist order has reached a phase where it can be kept going only by government assistance, and that it is not worth while to try for a true revival of private enterprise if the price is the modification of his social reforms.

Yet by one of his self-allowed deviations Lippmann's early capitalist liberalism can be stretched to cover such far-reaching social reforms as the TVA. Says Lippmann:

> It is only on the foundation of such a policy of conservation and development of natural resources that a flourishing system of free private enterprise in industry can hope for long to endure.

It is doubtful whether he will convince any utility magnates that they can have our natural resources and eat them too—they are far more realistic about such matters than Mr. Lippmann—but they will take comfort in his assertion that it is the President's methods which are at fault.

> . . . the erstwhile yardstick has become a club brandished senselessly over private utilities everywhere, and the effect is to paralyze them.
>
> The solution of the difficulty is to define clearly the limits of the TVA experiment.

If the Administration will make it clear exactly how far it intends to go in public ownership of utilities, Mr. Lippmann will presumably guarantee that the owners of one of the most profitable enterprises in the country will accept without a fight the existence of a government project, especially if it is perfectly administered, which reveals for all to see how cheap and abundant electricity can be and what enormous profits we have been piling up for Hopson and his friends. Only a man with Lippmann's prose could prove to himself that monopoly is not germane to capitalism but that TVA lies within its liberating logic. His statement of the problem seems to lend color to his claim to liberalism. But even the reactionaries have found it necessary to accept the TVA as a fact. They too are concentrating their attack on "methods."

In his Good Society columns Mr. Lippmann is forever demonstrating that the camel of modern corporate society cannot pass through the needle's eye of early liberal principle. By insisting that the only solution is to reform corporate society so that it can pass his antique test, he removes himself from the battlefield and yet maintains his claim to liberalism. In the writing itself there is a lack of tension and a pompous, measured elegance that match the profound irrelevance of his much-advertised point of view. He recently called Anthony Eden the knight with the wooden sword. It is a perfect description of Lippmann as social thinker. His role as an apologist for the status quo is another matter.

His plain conservative columns differ from his Good Society effusions in both style and content. Of late they have been almost wholly devoted to foreign affairs. The author of "The Good Society" might be expected to approve of the President's foreign policy if only because it is oriented toward Great Britain, the cradle of the free market. He looks calmly toward an old-fashioned alliance between Roosevelt and Chamberlain to keep the world safe for democracy. But the emotionalism of such a passage as the following springs from a preoccupation far deeper than a literary nostalgia for Adam Smith.

> . . . I do not think that any realistic reporter will deny that, when the European democracies take their stand, American popular opinion will passionately take their side, so passionately that in the end it will not permit them to be defeated. That is the kind of people the Americans are. . . .
>
> If anyone doubts the accuracy of this estimate, let him try to imagine . . . an American President and an American Congress and the American newspapers if the submarines and airplanes began sinking ships all over the Mediterranean and in the North Atlantic. Let him try to imagine the reaction of this country with its shipping driven into our harbors, with goods piling up on the docks, with prices in collapse, and with millions of new unemployed.

His tenderness for Chamberlain is rooted in no "higher law" than that of good imperialist doctrine, vintage 1938.

> It is probable, therefore, that the hesitating character of British policy arises not out of moral delinquency . . . but out of the grim necessity to choose either to abandon many of her most important interests altogether or to come to terms with one or perhaps two of the powerful nations that are challenging her. . . . Since we are not prepared to help the British in their difficulties, the least we can do is to give them sympathetic understanding.

Incidentally the implication that Britain's defense of "important interests" somehow equates morality comes curiously from a self-appointed expert on morals.

His bristling attitude toward Japan has nothing to do with his devotion to the free market. It is simply that of one imperialist who will resist the encroachment of another if the job takes every able-bodied non-writing citizen. As an early liberal he prefers recovery through liquidation rather than inflation and hence looks upon "unproductive" government spending with a cold eye. But if it is directed toward rearmament he is eager for spending of the most unproductive kind of all.

> In one way or another, the government is going to have to spend money to counteract the depression. . . . Why should we not, then, make a virtue out of our

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necessity, plan deliberately for the expenditure of a billion or more on armaments, and finance the expenditure by offering to the people a defense loan to finance it?

For three months now he has been carrying on a campaign for a big navy in which he has employed every reactionary shibboleth from an appeal to democracy to the cry of Anglo-Saxon solidarity against the Japanese menace. In such columns Lippmann rushes into the marketplace and pleads, with a vehemence missing from his high-sounding social think pieces, the case of any conservative imperialist concerned with his own security and that of his class, native or acquired. Given a domestic crisis as acute as that now prevailing in Europe, he may be expected to defend American reaction as hotly as he now defends Chamberlain's devotion to "important interests." His switch to Landon in 1936 was a sign. For the present he serves it in more subtle ways.

In general it may be said that those elements in Lippmann's attitude which may with some justification be called liberal and social are irrelevant to the issues of the day. Those which are most relevant are not liberal but reactionary and personal. The trouble is that the impression of elegant and disinterested liberalism carries over from the one to the other, and so his "liberal" columns serve the same conservative interests in the end. By condemning a given proposal on the ground that it is "collectivist" and then projecting an impossibilist solution of his own based on the "liberal principle of the free market" he preaches the futility of any attempt to deal with modern problems in their own terms and thereby rationalizes and blesses the status quo. No wonder business men feel elevated and enlightened when the Great Elucidator expresses their own humble opinions in the best prose on the market and gives liberal and moral sanction to their exploitation of the principle of the free market, not as an instrument for implementing the "higher law" and liberating mankind, but as a straight business and political proposition. Today and Tomorrow thus offers them the triple appeal of snobbism, escape, and justification of things as they are.

When the Man with the Flashlight Mind was given space in the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1931, that newspaper took loud credit for acting like Voltaire. Liberal commentators on conservative newspapers are like the invaders of China. They are eventually absorbed. But Lippmann presented no problem. His blanket opposition to centralization, "collectivism," and any attempt at planning, combined with his "early liberal" solution, have made him as safe as Mark Sullivan.

History is a one-way street which is rolled up like a carpet when the procession has passed. Its next phase may not be "progress," and Mr. Lippmann has the right to dislike it. It is his privilege to do tricks with mirrors or advocate going back to early pure capitalism. But his claim to liberalism, especially since it is his most valuable asset, should deceive no one, least of all himself.

Spain's Shirt-Sleeve Heroes

BY LELAND STOWE

IT IS astonishing that the world knows so little about the shirt-sleeve generals of Spain's Loyalist army. The average American could not name three of them; yet they are the popular idols of nearly 700,000 soldiers. With one exception still in their early thirties, they are already national heroes. It was these young generals who outside of Lerida and above Tortosa stopped General Franco's offensive in its tracks. They and their men are the backbone of the republicans' magnificent and almost incredible resistance today.

Before I went into Spain last August I had heard vague reports of Lister and Campesino, but I had no idea that they, with several others, were the Ethan Allens, the Light Horse Harry Lees, and the Mad Anthony Waynes of Spain's heroic struggle against international fascism. Occasionally American news-agency dispatches referred to the "Lister Brigade" or the "Campesino Brigade," qualifying them erroneously as "international," although they have been completely Spanish from their original formation as "columns" of raw militiamen. The columns grew into divisions and then into brigades and came to be known by the names of the men who sprang from the ranks to command them. The brigades were made under fire. So were the men whose bravery and indomitable leadership gave them not only their names but their reputation as the picked shock troops of the republic.

In the beginning, during those chaotic days of July and August, 1936, these men were shirt-sleeve sergeants or leaders without any official rank at all. They commanded motley bands of volunteers—laborers, clerks, taxi drivers, and farmers—and they fought with thirty-year-old Mausers, with pistols, or with empty hands. In the first year of conflict they rose to be majors, colonels, and generals, and to command regiments, brigades, and army corps up to 15,000 or 20,000 men. The outside world may not have discovered them, but General Franco has. His press bureau keeps announcing that the Lister brigade "is decimated," that the Campesinos have been "wiped out." Then these same dragons'-teeth battalions surround Belchite or capture Teruel, and their commanders, long since reported dead by Salamanca, get brief mention in our newspaper dispatches.

"El Campesino," a Castilian peasant by origin, was christened Valentin Gonzalez. His nom-de-guerre means "the farmer," and his men, mostly peasants, are

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known as the Campesinos. They call him "Barba" because of his bristling black beard. He is a striking figure, with forearms and shoulders like a gorilla's, long black hair, a skin like a gipsy's, glistening teeth, and dark eyes of extraordinary intensity. A violent temper matches his will-power, and at thirty-three he is a fighting man of the highest caliber.

The son of a poverty-stricken tenant farmer, el Campesino worked as a child in the Penarroya mercury mines. Pride and rebellion born of misery sent him into a strike riot. Several civil guards were killed. At fifteen Valentin Gonzalez barely escaped a death sentence, and his die was cast for the under-dogs of Spain. He volunteered for service in Morocco, mutinied against conditions there, and was jailed; he deserted and finally joined the Riff army of Abd-el-Krim. He was captured by the French, jailed again, became a Communist and an avowed enemy of the monarchy. When Franco launched his rebellion, this black-bearded son of a Spanish share-cropper led nineteen men to the Guadarrama front. He was wounded, was made a lieutenant, and within a year was a general in command of a division.

El Campesino's remarkable leadership and his tempestuous ardor have made him a living legend. I have space here for only one of the stories that are told about him. One day he was speeding down the Madrid road from Guadalajara when a young Spaniard signaled for a lift. The staff car ground to a halt. "You want to ride?" demanded "Barba." "I'll tell you how to get a ride. Join the army. Fight like a lion. Become the commander of a division—then you can ride to Madrid in an automobile! That's what I did!"

I was dining in a Valencia restaurant when I first saw Lister. Suddenly the room buzzed with excitement. A bare-headed young man in a plain gray suit, shirt open at the neck, had entered. Leaning over a table where a group of soldiers were seated, he talked with great animation. All eyes were focused on him. "It's Lister," said my companion. I stared. Here was one of Loyalist Spain's most famous generals, just back from the terrific battle of Brunete. Yet he wore no uniform; not one soldier had leaped to his feet to salute him (I learned then that there is no such thing as a formal heel-clicking salute in the republican army); and a dozen privates were eagerly conversing with a general—*their* general—as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

General Enrique Lister is a Galician, born in 1907, the son of a road worker. As a boy he gathered pine cones and sold them, 200 for two cents, a full day's work, in the Santiago market. When he was eleven, the family went to Cuba, where Enrique worked fourteen hours a day learning the quarryman's trade. In a workers' night school, at fourteen, he first learned to read and write. Two years later he helped organize the Havana quarrymen's union and spent twenty months in prison for his belief in labor unions. Three of his brothers were killed in workers' struggles and strikes. "The one thing I learned in Cuba," he says, "was that your own people will exploit you."

In 1927 Lister returned to Spain an ardent republican. He was in jail for his political convictions when the republic was proclaimed in April, 1931. He became president of the quarrymen's syndicate of Santiago. When the present war broke out, Lister led the attack on the Montana barracks in Madrid, then rushed a little band of volunteers to help stop General Mola in the Guadarramas. His daring and initiative brought about his election as a lieutenant. When the famous Fifth Regiment, which became the backbone of the present army, was formed, Lister commanded two companies. His men took an oath never to retreat until ordered to do so and to shoot anyone who violated that oath. That was the beginning of the "Lister Division."

At Toledo, with only thirty men Lister held off Franco's relieving columns of veteran regulars for thirteen hours. He fought so stubbornly that at last he had to swim the Tagus River to escape. General Lister is a perfect example of the kind of popular leader that emerges from a seriously unbalanced and exploitative society.

I lunched with Lieutenant Colonel Antonio Ortega, commander of the Sixth Army Corps, at his headquarters on the northern Madrid front. Spanish fashion, this lieutenant colonel has the post and authority of a general. When General Miaja was recalled to Valencia, he became acting commander-in-chief. Though a professional soldier all his life, Ortega is soft-spoken and unassuming, and his long, thin face has a definite spiritual quality, as Spanish as his features. Like all the republican officers I met in Spain, he had unshaken confidence. "The next big step is the consolidation of the Aragon and Teruel fronts," he said. "We are moving very fast now. Within three months this should be accomplished." Within two months it was.

Ortega is forty-nine, at least fifteen years older than the other shirt-sleeve generals. Born in Burgos, he spent his youth in the Basque provinces and entered the army at eighteen. In 1928 he qualified, as a sergeant, for an officers' training school. But his republicanism was deep-rooted, and when those anti-monarchical philosophers, Unamuno and Ortega y Gasset, joined a plot against the Rivera dictatorship, Sergeant Ortega helped divert arms for their cause. He was imprisoned for seven months, then expelled from the army. After the failure of the republican uprising at Jaca in December, 1930, he was sentenced to death. Four months later, when the republic was proclaimed, he was released from jail and rejoined the army. At the time of Franco's rebellion he was a lieutenant in charge of customs guards at Irun.

With only one company and with utterly inadequate arms he defended Irun. "We could have held Irun if the French hadn't betrayed us," he told me. "There were seven carloads of munitions on the other side of the station, in France. The French wouldn't let them through." Later he was appointed governor of San Sebastian and again made a hopeless defense. At Madrid he built the first trenches in the University City sector and assumed command of that sector in November, 1936. It was he

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who organized the first mixed brigade, the Fortieth, which was also the first to march through Madrid completely organized. "We showed that you could make your disciplined army at the front, not at the rear," he said with a smile. General Rojo is the hero of the Loyalists' capture of Teruel last December and probably their most brilliant military tactician, but Ortega ranks not far behind him. If the war goes on he should be watched.

There is also a young general named Modesto, commander, at thirty-one, of the Fifth Army Corps. An Andalusian who entered the war as a non-com, General Modesto has a high forehead, exceptionally intelligent eyes, and clean-cut handsome features. Modesto was born at Puerto de Santa Maria, where his father was a laborer in a *bodega*. Until he was nine he attended a Jesuit school, then he went to work in the wineshop with his father. He served for three years before 1930 with the old Spanish army in Morocco. Of that experience Modesto says, "Discipline is essential in an army, but discipline based on moral authority, reason, and example. In the Spanish royal army the example was one of ignorance and grossness, and the Spanish soldier was tyrannized over. Against this treatment all my manhood rebelled. I returned from Africa enthusiastic for revolutionary action." He fought for the establishment of a republic. When the right recaptured power at the end of 1933, he was obliged to leave Spain with thousands of others, but he was back in Madrid when Franco's rebellion broke out.

In the first days Modesto helped suppress the artillery revolt at Getafe. It was he who sent out the radio order for a general mobilization. Then he went up to the Sierras. At Alto de León Pass he succeeded to the command when his captain was killed. He was wounded twice. Later he organized the famous Thälmann Battalion of German anti-fascist volunteers. He then formed the Eighteenth Mixed Brigade and with it defended the Toledo gate into Madrid. From that time his rise was rapid.

Like most good soldiers General Modesto has made his mistakes. In the Brunete offensive last July his Fifth Army Corps formed the left wing of the attack. He had orders to occupy the village of Villanueva de la Cañada. Seeing it being evacuated, he swept by. Hours later it was learned that civilians only had quit the town; a strong fascist force remained. A dozen invaluable hours were lost in taking the town, and the timing of the entire offensive was seriously disrupted. Nevertheless, General Modesto is recognized as one of the most promising generals in the government's service. He has a quick, intuitive intelligence. He does not roar like that fiery war dog Campesino, but he too is renowned for an iron will, and his name is magic to his men.

I first heard the praises of Major Gustavo Duran from Kajsa, a Swedish woman who served with his brigade as a volunteer stretcher bearer early in the war. She told me how the word would pass like an electric spark among his soldiers: "Duran is here!" She added, "He's not so big and he looks terribly young. But you should see him. It's wonderful what he does to his men." Three weeks later I found Major Duran at his division headquarters just back of the devastated village of Quijorna, and lunched with his staff. He is blond, thirty, speaks English and French fluently, and looks more like an Englishman than a Spaniard. Before the war he was one of the most prominent young composers in Europe. He composed a ballet for Argentina and was called to Paris to conduct at its première.

"In Paris I started my political activities," Duran told me, "and learned that for me music was only a safety-valve. I feel no desire to compose now. This life of action is far more satisfying than the pure theory of the intellectuals. Once I was asked to write a song for propaganda during the war. For the first time in many months I played my own pieces, and they were quite alien to me. It was like trying to put on boots I had worn when I was twelve years old. I couldn't stand it. It belonged to another life."

Duran told fascinating stories about the hopeless, terrible first days of the rebellion: how he assembled a company of 150 men and they disappeared as soon as his back was turned—to return to Madrid and consult their syndicate and union leaders; how one of his two ambulance drivers vanished after he had put in an eight-hour day, and how after he was found, Duran told him, "I ought to shoot you. But I won't because it's more disagreeable for you to work. I've ordered a soldier to stay with you, day and night. The first time you fail in your duty, he'll kill you. But you're going to work first."

Then there was the corollary—Duran's return to his men after he had been severely wounded and had spent several months in a hospital. "They held a review of the brigade. I walked with a cane and the commander helped me on the other side. He said to me, 'The brigade is formed.' Their lines were as straight as any you've ever seen. I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes. I could see they were torn between two sentiments. They wanted to show me what splendid, disciplined troops they were, and they wanted to shake my hand. Then one of the officers broke down the barrier. He shook hands with me. The lines broke everywhere. They all rushed and piled up around me, all wanting to shake my hand. I'll never forget that as long as I live."

El Campesino, Lister, Ortega, Modesto, Duran. After twenty months of the Spanish war they are still virtually unknown. But they are the top-notchers among the shirt-sleeve generals of Loyalist Spain, the spark-plugs in the greatest army improvised out of raw material in modern times.

The people who wonder why General Franco's "last offensive" has still not brought the war to an end don't know about these men, who were leaders in the miracle of Madrid in November, 1936. If there should be another miracle, this time on the Catalan front, the shirt-sleeve generals will be largely responsible. They may not make the American newspapers but they will surely make the history books of the future.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NO ONE can deny that our Japanese policy has undergone a great change. When the hostilities in China began, Mr. Roosevelt took a position similar to the one he had taken on Spain, namely, that American nationals should get out at once. Naval ships were sent to evacuate the American population, and those who remained were told that they did so at their own risk and that if they perished during the hostilities the United States would feel no obligation to avenge their deaths by going to war. When the Shanghai fighting took place, the same policy was followed—at first. Merchant and navy ships were sent, and all Americans were removed except 6,000 who obstinately refused to leave. Some of these were American citizens who had never been in America; others were merchants and traders who told the government that they could not return because they had nowhere to go, no relatives or friends to turn to in the United States who could aid them, and no means of support. The government did nothing about this. In my judgment it should have asked Congress for the means to take those people to the Philippines or to California and to support them there until the hostilities in China were at an end. The few million dollars involved would have been a bagatelle when one considers that on a single day last week the Senate raised the so-called rearmament bill by $140,000,000. If caring for Americans abroad would take even $20,000,000 out of the Treasury, that would only be what war with Japan would cost us every forty-eight hours.

That the attitude of the United States government is entirely different today would, I believe, be admitted in private conversation by all informed officials. While the Administration has wisely recalled the Fifteenth United States Infantry and the extra regiment of marines sent to Shanghai, it has refused to take any more marines out or to recall American warships in Chinese waters, and it has not, I believe, issued positive orders to Americans residing elsewhere in China than Shanghai to get out. On the other hand, Mr. Hull has stated that we should "afford appropriate and reasonable protection to our rights and interests in the Far East." He has also said: "To waive rights and to permit interests to lapse in the face of their actual or threatened violation—and thereby to abandon obligations—in any important area of the world can serve only to encourage disregard of law and of the basic principles of international order, and thus contribute to the inevitable spread of international anarchy throughout the world." Finally he said: "To respect the rights of others and to insist that others respect our rights has been the traditional policy of our country." With this theoretical statement few will disagree, but obviously all depends on the spirit with which these so-called rights are upheld. We have rights in China that we should not have, that Mr. Hull admits we shall give up when, as he says, conditions justify relinquishing them—we and not the Chinese to be the judges of that. But the crux of the matter is whether we shall or shall not maintain those rights, including property rights, at a time of international warfare in China.

In times of stress or strain, earthquakes, revolutions, strikes, floods, and other disasters created by nature or by man, the private citizen often has to resign himself to the loss of rights to which he is clearly entitled. Is there any reason why nations should not similarly be willing in times of international hostilities to waive what are indisputably legal rights? Upon the answer to this question depends in considerable degree our freedom from war. If we are going to take the position that it is a serious offense when one insignificant soldier slaps a consul's face in the midst of a bitter struggle for the mastery of China, or when a Japanese bomb kills a missionary in the course of normal warfare, we are certainly going to make trouble for ourselves and risk our own embroilment. What alarms me about the State Department's new policy toward Japan is its determinedly aggressive character—its inspired publications in the American press, its dispatching of three warships to Singapore, the open statement that we are building up our supernavy against Japan. When the Japanese surrendered on the Alaska fisheries question recently, the announcement of their yielding was accompanied by a statement that the government was going to watch them none the less, a clear intimation—as clear as it was insulting to the Japanese government—that this government does not any longer believe anything the Japanese government says.

Coupled with this has been the refusal of the government to reply to declarations made by the Japanese Prime Minister in the Diet that Japan was willing to discuss the size of battleships again with a view to their reduction, or to comment upon the open charges in the Diet that the American government was building up its fleet specifically against Japan; the Japanese Premier said that in consequence Japan would continue to build up to us. Now it may well be that the State Department places no more faith in Japanese promises than it does in those of Hitler. Nevertheless, the policy now being pursued does not lead toward peace but toward the constant exacerbation of public feeling in both countries; and that is the road to war, a war which there is reason to believe would not be unwelcome to certain members of the State Department who feel that we must let the Japanese know that we propose to dominate in the Pacific area.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

JAMES ON A REVOLUTIONARY THEME

By LOUISE BOGAN

FOR all the varied critical attention given, in the last twenty years, to the novels of Henry James, those of his middle period are seldom read. When they are read, their real intention is often missed or is interpreted in some peculiar, special way. F. R. Leavis has recently pointed out several flagrant misinterpretations of James (including the classic mistake made by the critic who thought Isabel Archer divorced her husband and married an American business man at the end of "A Portrait of a Lady") and has explained the neglect of the early and middle James by the fact that readers, steered toward the works of the late, "difficult" period, and baffled by these, make no further investigation. The three books which, appearing in the center of James's career, fully exemplify the virtues of his early manner—"The Bostonians," "The Princess Casamassima" and "The Tragic Muse"—are those most completely ignored.

"The Princess Casamassima," it is true, has recently come in for some attention, since critics interested in novels concerned with revolutionary activities have discovered that in this book James deals with revolutionaries in the financially depressed London of the 80's. Although I cannot claim to have unearthed every scrap of material written about this book, I have read a fair amount and can say that not one commentator has shown signs of understanding the design James has so clearly presented in it. Usually "The Princess" has been put down as a melodramatic and rather fumbling attempt at a novel dealing with a revolutionary theme.

Several good reasons exist for these critical misconceptions, but before we deal with them, it would be well to get clear in our minds, since one of the charges against the book is that its material has not been thoroughly grasped, exactly what degree of mastery over his material, of insight into his characters, James had reached when he wrote it. "The Princess" was probably written concurrently with "The Bostonians." Both novels were complete failures when they appeared (in 1886). James believed in both books, although for reasons that remain obscure he did not include "The Bostonians" in the definitive New York edition. But "The Princess" was included, with a preface which delicately but firmly pointed up the book's intention.

During the 70's James had produced no completely successful long work. And certainly "Watch and Ward" (1878) and "Confidence" (1880) are not only the most clumsy novels ever signed by James but the most clumsy pieces of fiction ever signed by a man of genius. They display the unsure approach of the writer who is doing it all from the outside—from the notebook, the stiff plan, the bad guess. Through some spurt of development James, in 1881, wrote the finely balanced, deeply observed "Washington Square" and "Portrait of a Lady." He was now able to base his books upon his characters, as opposed to supporting the action with some artificial diagram of conduct. Each character now casts light and shadow and is in turn accented or illuminated by the darkness or brilliance of the others. James had not finished profiting from Balzac, but he was now Turgenev's intelligent pupil as well. The realistic method was becoming more effortless at the same time that the technique of suggestion took in more territory with greater ease. So that the chance of James's fumbling, at this period, any problem he put his hand to is small.

"The Princess Casamassima," it is true, opens with a block of Balzacian realism mixed with Dickensian melodrama that is extremely hard for modern readers to accept. In the later chapters of the book detail and suspense are to be brought in with sureness and ease; every part of the situation is to be elucidated by that sure technical skill so characteristic of the pre-theater James. The first three chapters, however, are thick with underlining and filled with a kind of cardboard darkness. The characters are so overloaded with reasons that they closely approach the line dividing drama from burlesque. The delicate little boy called Hyacinth, the son of a French working girl, who is also a murderess, and an earl, her victim; Miss Pynsent, the tender old maid who has raised the child; Mr. Vetch, the battered fiddler with leanings toward anarchism—at first glance these appear cut out of whole cloth. And in spite of a few flashes of insight, the scene in which Hyacinth witnesses his mother's death in prison is dated and overcharged. Thus balked at the outset, it is little wonder that the reader expects to find a measure of falseness everywhere in the story.

Given the remarkable figure of Hyacinth and the remarkable fact of his sharply divided inheritance, what use does James make of them? It may be best to give the story in bare outline. Hyacinth, grown to young manhood, is apprenticed to M. Poupin, an exiled veteran both of '48 and the Commune. (Hyacinth's own maternal grandfather, James tells us at an early point, died on the Paris barricades.) Poupin teaches him revolutionary principles along with the trade (James considers it a minor art) of book-binding. The youth then meets the two people who are to bring about the crisis in his life. The Princess Casamassima, separated from her husband and footloose in London on her husband's money, first dazzles Hyacinth with her interest in revolutionary plots and then with her interest in himself. And Paul Muni-

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ment, son of a north-country miner, an active, realistic, and inscrutable worker deep in revolutionary activities, attracts the ardent boy. Hyacinth actually gives over his life to Muniment, promising in a moment of enthusiasm that he will be the instrument for an act of violence whenever the need arises. Muniment accepts his pledge and binds Hyacinth fully, by a vow taken before witnesses. Hyacinth tells the Princess, after she has given him some minor glimpses of the great world, of his origin and dedication. Miss Pynsent dies; her small legacy enables Hyacinth to go to the Continent. He comes back changed. What he has seen has convinced him that certain objects, of which he had no former notion, should be preserved, not destroyed. The Princess has meanwhile met Muniment. She brings her charm to bear on him, with the secondary purpose of extricating Hyacinth from his vow; but primarily to get herself deeper into true conspiratorial circles. Hyacinth, whose determination to do what he can to further the cause of the people remains unchanged in spite of his secret change of heart, thinks that the pair have cast him off. Then the call comes: a duke is to be assassinated and Hyacinth is picked by the mysterious instigator of these affairs to be the assassin. The revolutionary group, at this news, splits into two factions: those who wish to save Hyacinth and those who are willing to let matters take their course. Muniment, although he professes sympathy for Hyacinth and says that he is free to choose, does nothing. The Princess rushes to save the boy and to offer herself in his stead. She and a kind, methodical German conspirator meet at Hyacinth's lodgings. But the boy has already shot himself, with the revolver meant for the assassination.

Critics have construed this story according to the set of their own convictions. Van Wyck Brooks, for example, although appreciative of James's success with Poupin, Vetch, Miss Pynsent, and others, considers Hyacinth an insufferable little snob. And Hyacinth is, according to Brooks, an embodiment of James's own yearning after the glories of the British upper classes.

> This unfortunate but remarkably organized youth . . . is conscious of nothing but the paradise of which he has been dispossessed. . . . In real life the last thing that would have occurred to a young man of Hyacinth's position would have been to "roam and wander and yearn" about the gates of that lost paradise: he would have gone to Australia, or vanished into the slums, or continued *with the utmost indifference* at his *trade* of binding books. But this attitude represents the feeling of Hyacinth's creator. [Italics mine.]

Hartley C. Grattan believes that Hyacinth's "sense of deprivation" vitiates the worth of his radical impulses:

> The conviction that it is senseless to do anything, no matter how small the act, to destroy the upper classes leads to the climax of the novel in Hyacinth's suicide.

But Grattan admits James's insight into his material.

When the social-minded young English disinterred the book some years ago because of its theme, Stephen Spender wrote in "The Destructive Element":

> The observation of political types in this book is really remarkable and curiously undated . . . Paul Muniment . . . is a true revolutionary type. He has the egoism, the sense of self-preservation, the cynicism of a person who identifies himself so completely with a cause that he goes through life objectively guarding himself from all approach, as one might preserve for the supreme eventuality a very intricate and valuable torpedo.

Spender's evaluation of Hyacinth is this:

> Hyacinth, with his strong leaning toward the upper classes and yet his feeling that he is somehow committed to the cause of the workers, might today have become a Socialist Prime Minister: a Ramsay MacDonald who . . . would dismay his followers by going over to the other side and becoming the most frequent visitor at large country houses and of dinners at Buckingham Palace.

Now Hyacinth, in the very essence of his character as James with great care and at considerable length presents it, could never become what Spender thinks he could become, any more than what Brooks thinks James should have made him become. Before turning to Hyacinth, let us examine the character of the Princess. Who is she? What is she? What has she been, and what is she likely to be? The development of her character must have meant a good deal to James since she is the only figure he ever "revived" and carried from one book to another.

She was Christina Light in "Roderick Hudson," the character in that early work who evokes the mixed feelings of admiration and exasperation that James was later to call up through many of his women. She is the daughter of an Anglo-American shrew and adventuress who forces her, by a threat of scandal, into a marriage with the highest bidder. James managed to bring out, even at a time when his art was still imperfect, Christina's marred idealism and ignorant, rather than innocent, pride, so that they freshen every page on which she appears. The coarser and weaker people, in contrast with her straightforwardness, show up in a sorry way. Roderick Hudson, with whom she falls in love and whom she tries to galvanize into some kind of manhood, crumbles, after losing her, in much the same way, James makes us feel, as he would have crumbled had he won her. Brought up to deadening shifts, she has one flaw. She is not truly courageous. She marries the prince at once after receiving the shock of her mother's revelations.

In the later book she is the single person who is continuously presented from the outside. James never "goes behind" her. We are never told what she thinks or how she feels; we merely see her act. James clearly presupposes a knowledge in the reader of her early tragedy. To watch her casting her charm and enthusiasm about; to see her reacting more and more violently against her money and position; to see her—after Muniment has told her that it is her money alone which interests his circle, and has prophesied her certain return to her husband now that the Prince has stopped the flow of that money—rushing in desperation to offer herself as a substitute in the affair of the duke's assassination—all this can puzzle us if we know nothing of the beautiful girl who moved through the scenes of "Roderick Hudson."

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Now "the cleverest woman in Europe," she bears a grudge against society strong enough to force her into repudiation of everything her trained taste fully values. When Hyacinth bares his own tragedy to her, the relation of the two is lifted out of a stupid contrast between a revolutionary-minded woman of the world and a talented pauper. For what the Princess knows, as she listens to him, and what the reader should also know, is that she is herself a bastard. James, far from being taken in by it, deeply realizes that the life she represents is as undermined by the results of cruelty and passion, for all its beautiful veneer, as Hyacinth's own. Having failed in her youth to face a crisis and see it through, she knows in her heart that when she thinks of herself as "one of the numerous class who could be put on a tolerable footing only by a revolution," she is thinking dishonestly. It is her despair and her defects which push her toward extreme revolutionary enthusiasm, as much as her generosity of spirit. But in Hyacinth she recognizes—after she has emerged from her first sentimental ideas concerning him—complete devotion, consistency, and fineness. This boy "never makes mistakes," and is incapable of going back on a given promise. She shows him specimens of English county families, toward whom her own reaction is: "You know, people oughtn't to be both corrupt and dreary." But what Hyacinth tenders them, as he tenders her, beneath his devotion, is a kind of gentle pity.

For this son of a criminal and an aristocrat is not, as he has been made out to be, a little snob, an affected artisan with a divided nature and ambitions beyond his station. James, with every subtle device of his mature art, from the first sentence describing him to the last, shows the boy as an artist, a clear, sensitive intelligence, filled with the imagination "which will always give him the clue about everything." James has endowed him, indeed, with the finest qualities of his own talent; and this is what is meant when James says that Hyacinth had watched London "very much as I had watched it." Hyacinth is, like James, "a person on whom nothing is lost." If the character has a fault, it is that James has distilled too purely into his creature the sharp insight, the capacity for selfless devotion, the sense of proportion, the talent for self-mockery and gentle irony which seldom exist in genius without an admixture of cruder ingredients. But James wanted a cool and undistorting mirror to shine between the dark and violent world of the disinherited on the one hand and the preposterous world of privilege on the other. Such a clear lens (Maisie, Nanda) James was later to place in the center of psychological situations. He was never again to place it, and with the final polish of genius added, between social classes. For that matter it has never been placed there, up to the present, by anyone else, although Conrad, in "Under Western Eyes," a book almost certainly modeled on "The Princess," examined the revolutionary side of the picture through the clear spirit of Razumov. We are used, in fiction dealing with social problems, to the spectacle of the artist absorbed or deflected into one class or another. James kept Hyacinth detached to the end. And though the solution for the artist, in the insoluble situation James has constructed, is death, as the symbols of the two extremes he has instinctively rejected (after he knows that his own life must exist independently, apart from either) stand by his deathbed, we feel that what they both have been left to is not exactly life.

The book is full of wonderful moments. Short mention should be made of the ultimate opacity and brutality of Muniment, as he is shown in contrast not only to Hyacinth but to the more humane members of the revolutionary circle; of James's masterly analysis of Hyacinth's spiritual coming of age, resulting, on his return from abroad, in increased self-sufficiency and a more complete grasp of his art; of the complex rendering of Hyacinth's rejection of the thought of violence when his mother's murderous hands come before him; of the superb portraits of the solidly disillusioned Madame Grandoni, the morbidly jealous Prince, and those true fools and snobs—Captain Sholto and Muniment's horrible invalid sister. The scenes of submerged London have been praised. What is even more astonishing than these is James's knowledge of the relentless mechanisms of poverty—poverty's minutiae.

It is interesting to trace down the source of James's understanding of Muniment. We remember that the elder James was surrounded by socialists of the Fourier school, and that he "agreed with Fourier that vice and crime were the consequences of our present social order, and would not survive them." The younger James had, no doubt, seen Muniment's counterpart multiplied about him, in Fourier's more fanatical followers, in his childhood.

"Very likely . . . all my buried prose will kick off its tombstones at once," James wrote to Howells in 1888. After, it would seem, Stendhal's hundred years.

Landscape

BY D. S. SAVAGE

There where the river shrank past shack and shelter
I dug the iron earth and planted iron
for mutilated trees to drip all winter
out of the itching of the dangerous sun.

I planted dragonteeth: and men of metal
armored with anger climbed from the sullen ground
aching with pain to murder the maternal
and spill the running wax with which they groaned.

And where they paced the torn ramshackle circle
of grief and sin the crippled shells of pain
rose from the bed of sorrow with a manacle
of splintered bone to ring the bursting sun.

There where the gasdrums hoisted through the city
I hacked a corpse of grass and fed with death
the mouth of seaweed in a ghastly pity,
and drove my martyred men again to earth.

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BOOKS

Victory of the Victims

CONQUEST OF THE PAST. By Prince Hubertus zu Löwenstein. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

SAVAGE SYMPHONY. By Eva Lips. Random House. $3.

IN THESE days of barbarism come to power the simple lover of life—of his wife, his garden, his work, if he has one—is often compelled to question his innermost convictions. Honesty, truth, freedom—all are disputed. Dishonesty, lies, and slavery seem to triumph. In painful hours he disbelieves his beliefs. Are his standards gone, his values devalued? His insecurity is not only economic. Fear is in his heart. He hides it before his friends, as they hide theirs, behind strong words. Together they look at themselves as people still sane, but the longer they look the more they appear to themselves as fools. The dictators march on.

There is the other type of individual whose bewilderment is already behind him, who knows that there is no short cut to economic and moral prosperity, who is already at work fighting for his rights and his convictions. He thinks in terms of counter-actions; strategic and tactical problems absorb his thoughts and all the strength he has left after the struggle for his daily bread. But his initial anger, his holy contempt, is already a little stale, and he longs secretly for the productive bewilderment of former days.

To all such, and to all their friends, I want to recommend two books. Both are autobiographies. One covers thirty years and the whole of Austria and Germany; the second only a few months and one little house in the ancient city of Cologne. But both exploit our very existence, our times, our fears, and our hopes. Both are great human documents. Two hearts beat in them but one spirit rises. The bewildered lover of life will take from them new faith in his values; the fighter gone stale will feel again his initial holy anger. The conviction of certain victory will fill them both with joy.

The author of "Conquest of the Past," who describes his way from the cradle in a feudal castle into the militant rank and file of German labor, is a prince, and the blurb on the jacket exploits the fact. It undoubtedly has sales value, but the appeal of this very realistic autobiography—which sometimes records truly romantic events but not romantically—has nothing to do with the circumstance that its author is a "red prince" and the "direct descendant of twelve emperors." In fact, the blurb prejudiced me against the book. But when I started reading I did not stop until the end, often going back to reread a chapter, often so deeply touched that I had to wait before I could turn the page. And this goes for the second book as well. When I had finished them both I was as happy as one can be in these days in the conviction that whatever victories Hitler may achieve with the help of the French and English ruling classes, he and they will lose in the end.

Prince Löwenstein was born in 1906 in the castle of Schönwörth, near Kufstein, in the Tyrol, just where Hitler's armies crossed into Austria a few weeks ago. He grows up in Austria and Bavaria. His father is an officer of the traditional design; his brothers become cadets. As children they play at amours and with tin soldiers. The whole atmosphere of the princely house is of a more or less enlightened medievalism and feudalism, restricted only by lack of money. The author is a little boy in the years of the World War, but day by day life educates him; prejudice after prejudice crumbles. At the end of the war he is a pupil of the public high school of Gmunden, a provincial town in Austria. His description of the Austrian situation at this time is perfect. Whoever wants to understand the events of Austria today will do well to read this book carefully. In the post-war years the prince becomes a student in Munich and Hamburg, and more prejudices crumble. He reproduces the atmosphere at German universities in the first years of the Weimar Republic with great skill and honesty. Unintentionally, in the course of his narrative he gives many clues for the correct understanding of the psychology of the younger German generation. For one term he goes to study at the university in Geneva, choosing Geneva because he wants to know what the League of Nations is all about. For the first time as a grown man he is out of Germany. His recording of his first meeting with an English student is in its implications priceless. We see the gulf between two nations, and we also see how easy it is for the two young strangers, who belong to the truth-seeking post-war generation, to bridge the gulf. Finally, after many doubts and much thought, the prince conquers his past and joins the fighters for the republic against Hitler's onslaught. He becomes a member of the Reichsbanner, the military organization of the left parties. This is in October, 1930. From this point on he reprints his diary, which gives in its daily short notes a vivid account of the developments that brought Hitler to power. The value of these notes is especially great because they are written without glances aside or ahead. They mirror exactly how the post-war youth of Germany was betrayed by a lazy and bureaucratic leadership. On January 30, 1933, the day Hitler came to power, the first paragraph of the diary reads:

> Today Hindenburg betrayed the German people and handed over the republic to Hitler. What is coming cannot be foreseen: it may be blood and horror and slavery such as our people has never hitherto experienced. But whatever comes, one thing is certain: I will never submit to tyranny which I hate from the bottom of my soul and with the whole inheritance and tradition of my name. Yes, that also plays its part; why should I seek to deny it?

He stays in Germany as long as possible. His flat is searched by storm troopers. Two S. A. men hold his wife. "As they were leaving, Werner arrived. He fetched a doctor, but it was too late. Our child will not be born in October." But the spirit and courage of the poor prince who became inwardly a rich pauper, and of his young wife are not broken. They go on fighting. Not out of resentment, not for lack of temptation to escape to peaceful lands, but because they are honest human beings.

Almost exactly where Löwenstein ends, Eva Lips, the author of "Savage Symphony" begins. Her husband, now a professor at Howard University, was a German officer in the World War, was wounded in battle and cited for bravery; after that university professor, successful director of the famous Rautenstrauch-Jöst Museum of Ethnology in Cologne, the second largest of its kind in all Germany. Needless to say, the Lipses are as "Aryan" as the prince. They lived in a little house among books. They had a maid whom they had taken from an orphanage, and a little dog. It was the cultured modest home of a scientific couple devoted only to their science, not interested in politics. After Hitler came to power, the Nazis would have been only too glad to have even the half-hearted allegiance of the famous professor. He could have remained in his comfortable position if he had been willing to subordinate his scientific convictions, as so many

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professors did, to the propaganda of Goebbels, to the dictate of the Nazi leaders that truth is what serves their political and personal ends. Professor Lips and his wife refused to do this, but they were not aggressive in their opposition. They merely refused to repeat lies, and that sealed their fate.

Eva Lips writes simply the story of what happened to her husband and herself until they had to leave Germany. I have seldom read a book so moving in its human feeling and so exciting in its honesty. The author's ability to say what is right, to see people justly even when they are enemies, her courage, and her restraint are so admirable that one forgets that the reporter is a victim who has lost everything—home, work, parents. Reading this account of barbaric force triumphant, I more and more felt that a greater victory was being reported, the triumph of the victim.

The little dog was called Tapir. When Eva Lips had to leave the "Fatherland" she gave it to a kind old man who lived in the country and loved the little creature. When she boarded the ship for America she found a letter in her cabin. The old man wrote her that Tapir had been poisoned and was dead. He had buried him and planted a rosebush on the grave. On a little cross he had written, "Tapir. Murdered June 20, 1934," because he had found beside Tapir's body a scrap of paper which carried a swastika and this inscription: "To Professor Lips: Who will not yield to Hitler deserves to die like a dog."

Many human beings have died the honorable death of Tapir and there will be many more. But these two extraordinary books convey an inescapable conviction: the love of truth cannot be extinguished. Hitler was born too late. The great lie will not triumph. Prince Löwenstein and Eva Lips, the victims of yesterday, will not always be victors only in their hearts; tomorrow they will be political victors. The gangsters will perish.

Contemporary German literature, the literature of the exiles, has passed the phase of purely journalistic reporting. It begins to form a basis for the ideas which will overthrow the pseudo-philosophy of modern barbarism. "Savage Symphony" and "The Conquest of the Past" are two essential contributions to this end. FRANZ HOELLERING

The City, Past and Future

THE CULTURE OF CITIES. By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

LEWIS MUMFORD'S book is like a magnificent city in itself. It has the rich imagery, the active commerce in ideas, the evidence, put into visual forms, of long spans of history. The book has something that corresponds to the very vitality of the city—as if the author had absorbed a multitude. The chief value lies, however, not in the drama, vivid as this is, but in the usefulness of the volume as an instrument meant to help along an active piece of work.

What kind of instrument it is will appear on further examination. Like most of Mumford's writing, "The Culture of Cities" has grown out of the author's association with a rather remarkable group of men, among them Mumford's respected teacher, the late Patrick Geddes, and others such as Sir Raymond Unwin, Clarence Stein, and Henry Wright. Technically these men have been city planners, housing technicians, architects, specialists in biology or on parks and recreation; but for their broader collective aim there exists no easy classification. The scope of their ambition may be inferred from Mumford's own definition of regional planning, "the conscious direction and collective integration of all those activities which rest upon the use of the earth as site, as resource, as structure, as theater." The effort to transform society can evidently take other paths than political organization or economic struggle as such.

The present volume might be described as Mumford's "Sticks and Stones" brought to maturity. It represents two decades of solid work and growth. It covers the Western world instead of the United States, and goes back to the Middle Ages to outline the social history of cities. The last half is devoted to laying down broad lines of strategy toward a new urban order. Our society, declares Mumford, is urban; rural pursuits and attitudes, though they persist, are recessive. The future of our civilization is bound up with our cities.

The historical treatment of the medieval city is fresh and inviting; it does for the English-speaking audience what Eberstadt did for the German, recovering the oldest form of the modern town both from the calumnies heaped on it in the "age of enlightenment" and from the sentimental piffle attached to it by medievalists. The city of the eleventh century served first of all as protection. Next, it was a highly flexible instrument, arising directly out of need, and held to good human scale by a fortunate balance of forces. Thus, among physical manifestations, the crooked streets were far from a caprice but were deliberately designed to break the wind; overhangs gave shelter against rain to streets and the prevalent open-front shops; gardens were attached to the houses within the city wall and not outside, since the medieval city was a roomy affair until overbuilt by later centuries. The very wall was easily removable for expansion, and the open places lent themselves to festivals and processions in which everyone joined and no one was a mere spectator.

From medieval times forward Mumford sees at work accelerating forces of unbalance, lesion, disruption. In the baroque city (the Renaissance is treated as "proto-baroque") production has yielded primacy to commerce; for the medieval immediacies there is substituted action at a distance. Instruments of remote control are devised in all spheres of action: it is no accident, declares Mumford, that Newton was director of the mint. Courtiers can now drive furiously down long straight avenues which replace the short medieval streets and are arranged radially for the easy use of cannon against exploited mobs that replace former self-respecting craftsmen. "Credit replaces faith," and the ambition to maintain oneself within sight of the ruling despot replaces the desire to live well within the sight of God. As compensation for the regimentation of days spent with Mars, art and life offer the pleasure of nights with Venus. In the next age both yield to the iron rule of Pluto.

The "abstractions" that underlie the new order are thenceforth referred to by Mumford repeatedly as "merely mechanical" or "mechanistic" concepts, and he follows them in intricate detail, through the debasements of the nineteenth-century "insensate industrial town" and up to the last desperate efforts to overcome mechanically created difficulties through remedies still more mechanical in a twentieth-century "megalopolis." Upon this last manifestation he pours a withering fire, denying the value of the progress claimed by inventors and financiers, accusing the modern city of providing a lower standard of fundamental decency than the Middle Ages, and cursing it not only for the slums but for the "hell of unfulfilled desires, vague wishes, enfeebling anxieties, morbid compulsions, and dreary vacuities" of the "dissociated mind in a disintegrated city," which is "perhaps the *normal* mind of the world metropolis."

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Having finished his historical account midway through the book, Mumford takes the offensive; and behind the constructive proposals that he broadly outlines there stand the authority and objective experience of the whole intelligent group with which he works. What is the approach? First of all a return to the organic, adaptive, non-violent habit of the Middle Ages; this habit to be reincarnated in modern "bio-technical" sciences and arts: sciences and arts having to do with the behavior and needs of organisms, not mechanisms. For Mumford the day of the machine is already past. Not the artificial form of present cities is his starting-point, but the concept of natural *regions* in which cities may once more take form in a size amenable to management and human scale. What gives the greatest hope of such a possible consummation is the progress of modern industry, using power that can be delivered almost anywhere, making economically available a vastly larger territory than was open to the age of steam.

The attack is marked by something more, however, than close technical reasoning: namely, a certain firm moral determination. In this moral certainty as to values and aims lies a great source of Mumford's leadership and power. It permits him, for example, to cut through such obstacles as the financial restrictions that hamstring the technical workers in the field, with the simple reiterated declaration that the restrictions are just not *right;* hence no solution can be found till they are done away with.

Such declarations clear the air. They can, however, sometimes be very irritating, especially when they seem to slur through a difficulty, or to go high-handed on questions of taste. Yet the positive tone has an incalculable value of its own in inspiring courage and faith. The role of Mumford in the group is in fact the role of a preacher, in the best sense, holding always before the group the high vision complete, permitting no impairment in the *idea.* There are not many leaders in America capable of performing this function with any such intelligence or thoroughness. The test is to read the book critically, and see whether it does not stir one to new effort and renewed belief.

Notice of the book would be wholly incomplete without mention of the remarkable supplementary story told in captioned pictures.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

"How Many Goodly Creatures"

THE MEMOIRS OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Edited by His Wife, Edith Garrigues Hawthorne. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

UNLIKE many fortunate men, Julian Hawthorne was well aware of his good fortune. If the angels commissioned to such duties had asked him, before his arrival on this planet, just when and where he preferred to be born, he would have replied, he says: "Let me be the only son of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife Sophia, born in Boston, Massachusetts, at one o'clock in the morning of June 22, in the year 1846." This, at any rate, was what first happened to him, and he never ceased to be grateful for it. One may even say that he seldom failed to be worthy of it. In the present book, written a year or so before his recent death, he gives hearty thanks not only for his parentage but for the thoroughly good time that he had during his eighty-eight years, for the "fun" that this world afforded him, for the large amount of able and sometimes distinguished work that he was permitted to do, and, most of all, for the hosts of famous men and women whom he encountered here and there on his long way.

This is a rambling and garrulous book, as one would wish it. Often inaccurate, it is never dull. Although seldom deeply thoughtful, it is always wisely gay. An easier-going book, short of "Tristram Shandy," it would be hard to find. The author takes all the privileges of a ripe and rich old age, and spills his memories before us almost at random. He repeats himself, forgets his drift, winds one story into another, runs up and down the ladder of the years, and darts without warning from New York to Bombay. So much the better, one says, because his enjoyment of all these vagrancies is so infectious. For him, as for the child in Stevenson's poem, the world is full, to overflowing, of "a number of things"—or rather, of people. "I was used," he says in one quietly revealing sentence, "to having people like me, and finding life pleasant." In another place he remarks, "I have always purred in libraries, and have been caressed by some of the best." There is the man's modesty and his self-assurance, combined. Apparently he never thought of himself as important in any way, unless for the luster accidentally shed upon him by the proximity of many important persons. And yet, aside from his unmistakable literary gift and his more than respectable literary achievement, Julian Hawthorne must have had social talent of a high order. After closing this last of his many books, so packed and crowded as it is with people, one reflects in amazement that this man was the son of a solitary dreamer who was morbidly shy, and the grandson of a woman who lived almost entirely alone for more than twenty years.

About his own work as a writer—about his once famous novels "Garth" and "Archibald Malmaison" and "A Fool of Nature," the book that won a ten-thousand-dollar prize in a field of eleven hundred contestants—Julian Hawthorne has little to say in these rather curiously entitled "Memoirs." He is not writing autobiography. The important thing to him, as he looks back from Pasadena in the 1930's to Concord as it was before the Civil War, is that he had ten years of silent and devoted association with Henry Thoreau, that he went to school with two sons of Henry James the Elder, and that Frank Sanborn was his schoolmaster. He remembers how the new soles of Emerson's boots squeaked during a certain lecture at the Concord Lyceum, and how the lecturer and the audience alike triumphed over that vexation. He recalls across seventy years how the hopes excited by May Alcott's invitation to a swimming party "with gentlemen present" were blighted by swimming suits of blue flannel, and how nevertheless fate did grant him something when "Louisa Alcott . . . split one leg of her flannel pantaloons from hip to knee, revealing a flash of living white amid the blue." Louisa, he says, "simply laughed in the most impenitent way," and the few words refute whole volumes of ignorant nonsense about New England "Puritanism" and the "Victorian Era."

Julian Hawthorne knew the Concord worthies as a village boy knows the neighbors. His respect for them was devoid of awe, and it kept the hard, cold facts in mind. No one else has been quite so explicit as he is in this book about Emerson's physical "ugliness," although no one is more fully aware than he of the spiritual beauty in which that ugliness was suffused and exalted. He throws many a sudden flash of light upon these people, as in the remark that Henry Thoreau "revered himself as a man but had a poor opinion of Thoreau." Perfectly true one sees that to be, now that it has been once said. And, as coming from the boy who lived next door,

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his praise of Bronson Alcott is highly valuable. If only the father of Louisa had been gifted with eyes like those of Goethe, he says, "Amos Bronson Alcott would have been one of the most tremendous figures in our history. He would have conquered these United States and established a new religion."

In the sense of his friend William James, at any rate, Julian Hawthorne was a wise man: he knew a first-rate human article when he saw it. And so no doubt he was right in filling these final "Memoirs" with his recollections not of his own deeds and thoughts and moods but of the men and women he had known. The important thing, to him, was that he could speak quite truly and yet casually of "my friend Herman Melville," or of "my friend Robert Ingersoll." He might have used the same phrase with equal truth in speaking of Swinburne, Ruskin, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, President Pierce, Senator Hoar, and Henry James. But always, to him, the proudest phrase of all, and yet the humblest, was "my father, Nathaniel Hawthorne." There can have been few more successful sons of great and famous men than he was. Without subserviency or undue self-assertion, he grew tall and straight and fruitful, though always in the dark paternal shadow. And this must have been because he thought so little about himself. All his life he was exclaiming, like Miranda,

> O, wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in't!

ODELL SHEPARD

Descent into War

AMERICA GOES TO WAR. By Charles C. Tansill. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

THE story of America's gradual descent into the World War on the side of the Allies after three years of more or less rigorous efforts to preserve neutrality is an oft-told tale. Professor Tansill introduces enough new material, some of which is drawn from the Nye committee report and some from German sources, to render his version far from merely repetitive. His book is the product of prodigious scholarship and is characterized by scrupulous attention to detail in fitting the evidence, drawn from thousands of sources, together. He has his own biases of course, among them a very critical attitude toward British statesmen and statecraft. The "obtuseness" of British statesmen, in his opinion, delayed American entrance into the war by a full year.

Though the chronicle begins with an analysis of the financial problems of the policy of neutrality and records interesting evidence of the pressure of business against strict neutrality and of its success in evading Bryan's and Wilson's prohibition of English and French loans in this country, the author does not pursue this aspect of the matter in the second half of the book. The investigation becomes more personal and devotes its attention to an analysis of the position of the various leading actors in the drama which culminated in the American declaration of war. Professor Tansill explicitly disavows the economic interpretation:

> There is no need to look for anything sinister in this decision [in favor of war]. Despite all efforts of the Nye committee there is not the slightest evidence that during the hundred days which preceded America's entry into the World War the President gave any heed to the demands from "big business" that America intervene in order to save investments that were

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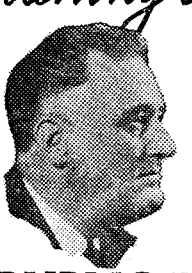

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threatened by possible Allied defeat. Colonel House and Secretary Lansing had far more influence than the House of Morgan.

The matter is hardly as simple as that. The question is what social and economic forces stand behind the policies of political leaders and to what degree unconscious as well as conscious motives prompt their actions. But Professor Tansill is dealing with a narrower field of political inquiry where he can rely upon irrefutable documentation.

In this field Colonel House turns out to be the arch-villain of the piece with Secretary Lansing as his chief second. Professor Tansill doesn't like the late Colonel at all. Sentences like this betray his feeling: "It was apparent to the Colonel that the President was badly in need of a lecture which would acquaint him with the realities of the situation. . . . After this lecture from the omniscient Colonel the President reluctantly turned to thoughts of war." Furthermore he presents voluminous evidence to substantiate his thesis of the primary responsibility of House for the decision which finally emerged out of the welter of influences which played upon the mind of the nation and its President. Though Professor Tansill skilfully reveals the gradual hardening of the Presidential mind toward Germany, his record gives a general impression of remarkable reluctance on the part of Wilson in comparison with his chief advisers.

The author draws no morals and lessons from his tale. But every fresh review of the difficulties faced by an Administration which tried to preserve neutrality by opposing the British blockade on the one hand and the submarine campaign on the other reinforces the conclusion that if there is to be successful neutrality in a future war of any length it will have to be bought at the very high price of abrogating national rights in regard to both trade and the security of citizens in the zone of war. In the World War Britain violated our trade rights and Germany refused to respect the security of our citizens. The tension arising from the effort to preserve both types of rights finally became intolerable. We fell off the perch of neutrality because the balancing feat became too difficult. Though Professor Tansill does not say so, the inference of his book is that the balancing trick might have been accomplished if the performers had been a little more adept. But that is probably an illusion created by a too voluntaristic interpretation of history. Colonel House was merely a focal point of the innumerable social and economic forces, many of which were imponderable, which drove us into war on the side of the Allies. REINHOLD NEIBUHR

Reality Is Worse

UNDER THE OPEN SKY. By Martin Anderson Nexö. The Vanguard Press. $3.

"I HAVE often had to laugh when people have complained of my crass realism; if they only knew what the reality was like!" With these words Martin Anderson Nexö begins the true story of his boyhood. His childhood in the Copenhagen slums, as here described, was full of sorrow, sickness, and poverty. What wonder that later he should be known as the author of the first important proletarian novel, "Pelle the Conqueror." In his own life he had material for many proletarian books. He had also, perhaps because he was always sickly, extraordinary sensitivity as well as the ability to interpret what he saw.

The simple account of the way in which the writer, a very delicate child not more than five years old, was forced day after day to take care of a baby sister whom he could not lift or even propel across the floor, is heart-breaking. But the author regards his fate as similar to that of many others. He has little self-pity. As a child he performed whatever tasks were his. Everyone in the family worked. The father worked and drank. The mother was ignorant but hearty. One brother was strong and insensitive. They got along after a fashion. Only once did the father reform temporarily, as the result of his association with a workingmen's organization. Later, getting a better job, he reverted to his old habits. But his sickly young son understood the moral.

In due time the child escaped from the slums and began earning his living as a herds-boy among the people of Bornholm. He grew healthier. He took account of the rude country workers and their problems. In the open air, with the cattle for friends, the sensitive, tubercular child compared country work with industrialized city work, and moved toward the final identification with his class.

This book is interesting for its absolute truth. The early years of Nexö's life are printed indelibly upon his mind. He was never to escape their influence. His autobiography is a tragic story of what poverty can do to the human spirit; it is also a heroic and quite impersonal account of the class struggle—for the author feels himself to be merely one of the poor in that struggle. The book is too long; the author does a little too much philosophizing. But his quiet, realistic narrative is more effective than many a book written to prove that our society is unjust. EDA LOU WALTON

Men and Women

PITY FOR WOMEN. By Henry de Montherlant. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

FRENCH critics have always been kind to Henry de Montherlant. Under the patronage of Maurice Barrès he returned from the war to become one of the spokesmen of the young generation. More articulately than the other twenty-year-olds he expressed the cult of adolescence and the new gospel of sports. Before Sydney Franklin and Hemingway he made a killing in the Spanish bullring and wrote of it; simultaneously with Giraudoux he sang the praises of the *footballeur*. It was delicate, in 1920, to criticize a young veteran who was a protege of Barrès. But it is strange that now, when the literary inflation of the twenties is definitely passed and when so many greater novelists have been revealed in France, Montherlant should not be seen for what he is—a serious secondary novelist not to be compared with Mauriac, Duhamel, or, to name a younger man, Marcel Arland.

"Pity for Women" is a translation of the first two volumes of a trilogy which, as anything which deals with the sentimental relations between men and women is bound to do, nourished a great amount of French conversation during the past two years. To some it seemed a vicious attack on women; to others, a justification of Don Juanism; and to many, an objective study of feminine psychology. It cannot hope to occasion such a *succès de scandale* here. Pierre Costals, a young writer full of vanity, cynicism, and contradictions, remains, despite his complexity, the most completely delineated character in the book; whatever he says to the contrary, Montherlant was facing the mirror when he created him. The three young girls reveal a certain dryness in characterization. Thérèse Pantevin, the mystic little peasant whose passion for Costals eventually turns to madness, is seen only in her letters. The provincial intellectual of thirty who was born an old

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maid, Andrée Hacquebaut, frantically calling first for a brotherly affection and later for a demon lover, appears both in her letters and in the narration. Solange Dandillot, cold statue of beauty who asks for nothing and receives all, completes the triad necessary to bring out fully the personality of Costals. They are secondary, for man's egotism extends even to his writing. This account of the reactions of three representative young girls to a seductive man of the world whose pity for them complicates his existence and leaves a wake of hysteria behind him suffers from the hybrid form the novelist has chosen. A mingling of letters, personal diary, and direct exposition, these novels suppress the author and resurrect him at will and with no apparent reason. A further defect lies in the frequent repetitions. Montherlant possesses those gifts of observation and imagery which he considers necessary to the writer of fiction, and he has lost the Barrès-like pomposity of his early style, but he has never had a sense of composition.

Individual pages attain a far superior quality. The interior of the bureau for veterans' pensions, the dismal walk in the rain with Andrée, Solange seen in the bosom of her family, and Andrée's vehement letter accusing Costals of being a Charlus are all brilliant passages but they do not make up for the four hundred remaining pages. Mr. Rodker's translation of the second French volume is smoother than Mr. McGreevy's of the first volume. It would be interesting to know why the third volume, "Le Démon du Bien," was not included and why, in a book as carefully designed as the colophon assures us this one was, the letters should have been treated as setdown matter when they comprise about half the total number of pages.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Beauty as Quality

AESTHETIC QUALITY. A CONTEXTUALIST THEORY OF BEAUTY. By Stephen C. Pepper. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

IN THE last decade, in this country outside the schools, attention has been exclusively focused on the problems which arise out of the traffic between art and "life." The shift of interest has of course been most salutary. But there is still a great deal to be known about the field of aesthetics in its restricted meaning. And much of the nonsense and vagaries of current criticism could be easily avoided were more interest shown in problems which are nowadays so glibly dismissed as academic. For this reason it is to be hoped that this book, which makes easier reading than the works of Prall or Dewey, will find its way into the hands of our critics. For although it discusses only a limited number of the subjects which make up the usual treatise on aesthetics, the topics it seeks to elucidate are foundational for practical criticism.

For Pepper the aesthetic field is the field of quality. Great beauty is therefore enhanced quality. And the task of the artist is to make such quality available, so to speak, for consumption. This would not be necessary were not the apprehension of quality blocked in ordinary living by the urgency of practical activity, by interest in analysis, and by routine. In order to overcome these obstacles the artist makes use of two means: he intensifies quality through novelty, thus exhibiting the unique freshness of events and things, and he organizes conflicts, thus breaking up caked patterns of habit which lead to stereotyped apprehension.

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of this thesis. And as if to illustrate his own theory, Pepper gives evidence of a rare ability for pressing out of known facts and current ideas unsuspected vital juices. The second half of the book is concerned with the study of the techniques and instruments by means of which the artist accomplishes the intensification of quality. This involves analysis of the modes of organization of a work of art, of the functioning of types, and of pattern and design. Throughout this part of the book the notion of attention is central to the discussion, although it is not for Pepper, as for the reviewer, the defining trait of the aesthetic experience. The last chapter discusses the problems of taste and of the aesthetic judgment. This chapter, though it is perhaps one of the most original, I find one of the two least satisfactory. For Pepper has glided, if gracefully, over some of the difficult theoretical issues which have made this field a bitter haggling ground since the days of Hume and Kant.

The other chapter beset with serious difficulties, perhaps because it deals with the most confusing problem in the whole field of aesthetics, is the one on the emotion. Pepper has failed, I am afraid, to force James's theory of the emotion —which, it will be remembered, stresses internal sensations— into coherence with his own definition of emotion as "the very quality of the event itself when this event is voluminous, intense, and highly fused." Nor do I see what gain is made by defining emotion as the "essence of quality." Nor can I see, either, how relevant evidence regarding the wide divergence of the emotional reactions of qualified spectators can be neglected in discussing this problem, all the more since such evidence creates trouble for Pepper's theory. On the other hand, the clarification of the difference between arousing and expressing emotions, though too brief, is of great value.

One more remark: Pepper is a pragmatist, though he would rather have us call his variety of pragmatism "contextualism." But from the pragmatic standpoint little seems to be gained by his assertion that the aesthetic is a cognitive experience. True, it enables him to assign quality its rightful place in a fully adequate life. But this gain is more than offset—all the more since it could have been achieved in some other way—by the obliteration of the useful and radical distinction between experience and knowledge. The aesthetic experience is a having, not a knowing. Pragmatists insist on this distinction because it is the only known means of settling a host of pseudo-problems, some of which now cast their shadow over the discussion of some of the important topics in this book.

It should be stated without ambiguity that whatever the objections which may have been urged against this book, it remains a stimulating and fresh study. And one would have to be completely indifferent to the need for clarity in contemporary criticism not to feel that it is a very timely contribution.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Lean, Brown Men

R. F. D. By Charles Allen Smart. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

CHARLES ALLEN SMART'S return to the land has nothing in common with gardening at a week-end cottage in Connecticut or writing poetry on a hillside pasture in Tennessee. He is actually making hay in southern Ohio and feeding it to sheep, cattle, and hogs of his own raising. "R. F. D." describes, often sentimentally, but without supressing the limitations and discomforts of farm life, what

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such a career means to a city-bred liberal who combines a taste for provincial living with cosmopolitan interests.

Mr. Smart is not the complete farmer. He has no equipment and must depend on neighbors for plowing and planting. Nor is he a conventional one, being a cultivator of the arts and a collectivist who vaguely wants to see the world "become one large farm, democratically controlled." Wisely he advises small or new farmers to exploit, in these pinched times, a salable sideline. But few could hope for such a successful specialty as his: a first printing of a hundred thousand copies of "R. F. D." Now he can match his acquired skill and interest in farming with machinery and a team, or, better yet, one of the new small tractors. Now he can make real his wishes for a bathroom, furnace, henhouse, barn.

Ross County and Oak Hill, his ancestral home, are described with sensibility and detachment. Peggy, the New England wife, amiably decorates and integrates the scene, but the indispensable center of the arrangement is Leo James, the hired man. Smart expands enthusiastically on a variety of country themes: the care and feeding of sheep, flower and vegetable gardens, family retainers, a sturdy, purposeful aunt, cocker spaniels, sowing seed, husking corn, working with the Little Theater in Chillicothe.

When he says that many of his neighbors are "in the center, or slightly to its right, politically" but are "unconsciously extremely red in economics, sympathies, and general attitude," he is confusing the freeholders' traditional hatred of mortgages and monopolies with redness. They distrust all attempts at regulation and fear combinations of labor as well as of capital. His guess, "fathered by a hope," is that "when the time comes, these lean, brown, graying men or their sons will be out with shotguns if need be for production, use, and life as opposed to property, profits, and death." Remembering the militia of '76 with pitchforks at Lexington and the militants of '33 with penny auctions under a warning noose, we can only say, Amen. But the attitude of the lean, brown men and the subsequent fate of America will depend in part on how effectively Mr. Smart and others of his conviction can combat the divide-and-rule tactics of the controlling class that is forever trying to trick them into supporting property, profits, and death.

It would be interesting to know how many urban misfits who dream of being "immigrant farmers" will be persuaded to stay where they are by this candid treatise on the mechanics of farm life and how many it will inspire to make for the fields and barnyards. The reviewer would find himself in the latter handful were he not already living in the same state and pretty much in the same way as the author of "R. F. D."

DINSMORE WHEELER

Books in Brief

THE YEARLING. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

In one year's time the child, Jody, becomes a youth with responsibilities and a bitter knowledge of life's sacrifices. He is the "yearling"—like his fawn whom he has to kill because it eats the crops. Mrs. Rawlings's book is a study of the people living in the wild "hammock" country of inland Florida, and a very sensitive study of what primitive living teaches a child. She knows her people and her country, some of the most primitive in America. She is not inclined to be sentimental about them. If she does not point directly to any economic solution, she does see that these simple and strug-

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Should the U. S. Government Join in Concerted Action Against the Fascist States?

YES *says* EARL BROWDER
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NO *says* ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
Chairman
FREDERICK J. LIBBY
Executive Secretary, National Council for the Prevention of War

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gling natives of the backwoods are fighting a losing battle. The chief value of her book is that it is folklore, a record of the way in which the gentle Baxters and the wild Foresters manage to get along somehow. But probably "The Yearling" will be remembered longest as a rather tragic story of childhood.

THE DAY'S WORK. By Oscar Brynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

We have had "hard-boiled" fiction; in this poem by Oscar Brynes we have "hard-boiled" poetry. Mr. Brynes has looked up all police records, newspaper reports, and tales concerning a "great armored-car robbery." He has learned about gangsters from gangsters—from hanging around the cheap eating and drinking places where men of this "tough-guy" variety might be observed. "The Day's Work" is realism in poetry. The free verse is well controlled, varied, and dramatic. The poet has used his wits in plotting the poem in order to keep the suspense at high pitch. He has, indeed, "mastered" the problems which the poem set. This is one narrative poem that does not sound like bad prose arbitrarily turned into verse. The story is better told as poetry than it would be as prose. The selection of scenes, the arrangement of materials, the economy of the narrative are notable. One questions only whether Mr. Brynes is more craftsman than poet. And this question cannot be answered until he has shown us other books. Meanwhile here is a very exciting yarn with social significance.

FILMS

Dog Story

THE background against which "To the Victor" (Gaumont British) tells its story is so interesting from the start that the film would be successful even if the story were not well told. The source is "Bob, Son of Battle," which guarantees indeed that the story will be good; but there is better promise still of a setting suitable to the movie art. And the director, Robert Stevenson, has taken every advantage of the opportunities offered him. The landscape and the people match perfectly; the slow roll of the Border valleys, the timeless fells and the ledges of tough rock, the low dark sky and the hard going of the ground are an environment for no other human beings than those we see here, from the unregenerate Mac Adam down to Tammas the fat boy who holds the alarm clock at the sheep trials. The first sequence of the film brings men and stones together in one meaning. After that we would watch with fascination anything whatever that happened, and we would believe it.

Then of course there are the dogs, Owd Bob and Black Wull, who introduce into an otherwise rock world the ripple of movement. They are the spirit of this place, not only when they streak after their sheep at the trial—the high moment, naturally, of the film—but at all times. They have the freedom of the mountains, and it is their movements, even when they are miles away, that the minds of the people follow. It is through the dogs that the men become alive; and again it might not matter too much what the dogs did, or whether what they did was intrinsically interesting. We

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are committed to them from the moment we see them as part of this world and understand their role in it. The film has won us long before we know that it has a story to develop. And this is something that can happen only in the movie art. In none other can pure setting—the physical conditions under which action takes place—be so important. It can be so important, in fact, as to make us sometimes impatient with a tale that has been crudely attached to it. That may be why the love story in "To the Victor" seems so feeble. It should have been dispensed with altogether; for everything else here fits the situation as the palm of Mac Adam's hand fits the neck of a bottle or a dog. Will Fyffe as Mac Adam gives, incidentally, a flawless performance, and should be remembered next January by those whose responsibility it is to list outstanding actors of the year.

"The Pearls of the Crown" (Filmarte) goes "Life Dances On" a hundred better in the business of stringing episodes together. A lady who looks up seven men she once danced with is simply nothing compared to four pearls whose history has to be chased over four centuries and through most of the courts of Europe, as well as down dozens of mean London or Paris streets, before we can understand why they now repose on the British crown. Sacha Guitry as author, director, and star has decided that all this history could be told in an hour and a half, and has told it with the speed of a camera shutter. Also, however, with the lack of discrimination. For the mood varies so rapidly, kings die so quickly, and little girls grow up to be dowagers so briskly that an audience can be forgiven for bursting into laughter at certain supposedly solemn moments. Even Guitry's skill in the four parts he takes does not save the whole from being something of a wedding cake—something as stationary as that, as ornamented past eating, and as ready for the knife that will cut it into slices. As for "The Adventures of Marco Polo" (Samuel Goldwyn), I can merely say that I did not believe a word or a gesture in it. MARK VAN DOREN

ART

Statues in the Sun

IT IS devoutly to be wished that the World's Fair committee repair without delay to the northeast corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street in New York City, and after paying the requisite ten cents enter the adjacent unimproved real estate. It cannot do so without, I think, immediately deciding that if the fair is to have a display of sculpture, it must be in the shape of an outdoor show; and, what is even better, that such a display must be arranged.

The vacant lot recently occupied by the Model House has been lightly landscaped. Graveled paths have been laid across it and bordered with turf. Amid the turf stand cedar trees and shrubs, and in places young leafing birches, willows, and budding apple trees, and upon pedestals uniformly stained cinnamon an array of statues in plaster, cement, and various kinds of stone, metal, and wood. The charmingly Parisian atmosphere of the place is thickened by several bearded gentlemen who wander nonchalantly upon the walks and past the potted tulips. The statues for their part are the work of the members of the Sculptors' Guild, whose first outdoor show this magic transformation is.

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BEAT THE PLAGUE!

THE augury voiced months ago by prophets of various political faiths that 1938 would prove to be one of the most critical if not decisive years in modern history is already on its way to fulfillment.

Hitler and Chamberlain are giving form to the future of Europe. Americans who dislike the picture may avert their gaze, but there's no better comfort in contemplating Asia. Looking inward, we find the United States also ripening for social conflict. The preventive needed is re-employment for millions of Americans now jobless and demoralized.

"Instead of the big-navy stuff," said a *Nation* editorial of February 19, "we propose . . . a renewed fight centering around the construction of public works instead of battleships."

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Nearly everyone of note in the sphere of sculpture belongs to the guild, even though it lacks the membership of Laurent, Noguchi, Ernest Gutman, and some others. Paul Manship for example has contributed a dogship, a plaster Hound, to its exhibition; and the show also includes characteristic work by William Zorach, Sonia Gordon Brown, Hunt Diederich, John B. Flannagan, and other well-known sculptors. Its list of patrons too is formidable. And its display is delightful 'mid the greenery. For one thing, together with a few statues which remind us of the colored paste which is cut into the shape of bananas and sold as candy, and some which in other ways fail to resemble sculpture, the exhibition contains a number of distinguished productions. Certain of these are by some of the famous members mentioned above. Sonia Gordon Brown's small figure, for example, has the fruity roundness of things "pushed from within." Diederich's Jockey has his unfailing quality of style; and Flannagan's Goat *his* equally unfailing material feeling. But the majority of them are signed with less celebrated names.

Among these stand forth the two sincerely felt and moving pieces by Minna R. Harkavy. One of them—it is her heroic three-quarter-length plaster figure Man—is a very successful representation of slow, steady human development in terms of form brought into motion. The other, a robust bronze head flanked by a sensitive curved hand—it is a portrait of Hall Johnson—interestingly expresses in rounded forms the sitter's inner warmth and dreaminess. Equally striking are Berta Margoulis's two exhibits—her poetical feminine torso in Tennessee marble and her seated feminine figure in darkened plaster. Both have rhythm and are full in form; and with its sculptural color the torso finely gives one the feeling almost indispensable in statuary—the feeling of the thing cut directly from solid material. Saul Baizerman's smiling little girl's head in hammered bronze, A Song, is a lovely bit of simplification and stylization. And while his large, lyrical hammered-copper low-relief of massed moving bodies gives evidence of its incompleteness, it pleases by reason of its hue and rhythm as it stands among the birches. Remarkable, too, because of its solution of the plastic problem of conjoining the male and female figures is the tender, highly emotive group of lovers by the artist who, of all those represented in the show, most definitely gives signs of going his own way. This sculptor is Hugo Robus, and his group is entitled Worship. The plastic solution is particularly successful as regards the back of the group. Here the opposing forms are perfectly balanced.

There are other notabilia. Yet if the show's delightfulness to an extent flows from the character of some of its components, it flows quite as much from its circumstances. The changing light to which the pieces are exposed, the verdure with which they are contrasted, are pitiless to the exhibits' weaknesses but friendly to their virtues. In playing on their live superficies, the light reinforces their vitality; and so too do the trees and shrubs which they set off. All statues, indeed, belong in the sun, amid greenery. Stone and metal, their substance comes from nature. So too do their human forms. And nature recognizes and accepts her own. For this reason we rather hope the worthy World's Fair committee will proceed post haste to Park Avenue at Thirty-ninth Street; and rather feel that once within the canvas barriers of the inclosure it cannot but perceive the best solution of one of its vexatious problems. Organized with its huge means, an outdoor sculpture show will rid it of one of its bugbears, a museum, and in its stead produce a garden.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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Letters to the Editors

The Meaning of Money

Dear Sirs: Professor Paul M. Sweezy reports to your readers in your issue of March 26 that my book, "The Promises Men Live By," is "tory" and "reactionary." This is because of its money chapters. "Money," he says, "is generalized purchasing power. Money's value depends upon its quantity and speed of turnover relative to the relevant variables on the side of the production and distribution of goods and services."

Unfortunately, in a brief letter I can only indicate—and not demonstrate—where Professor Sweezy himself goes wrong on this difficult subject of money. He is bedeviled by a simple fallacy which all of the five chapters of my book are principally devoted to demonstrating. This common fallacy is the failure to distinguish between gold itself and government and central-bank promises to pay gold on demand. One is a substance, the other a contract. Endless confusion in reasoning arises because the same word, "money," is applied to both of them.

Professor Sweezy seems to agree that it is the latter, the promises to pay gold (and bank deposits, which—when analyzed—are bank promises to pay government promises to pay gold), that are now almost solely *used as money*. But his comment exhibits a complete blind spot when it comes to comprehending why government and central-bank promises can *successfully* be used as money; and more serious, what consequences follow *because* they are so used.

In simpler forms the contractual relationship permeates every other economic field. Within the past two centuries it has come also wholly to condition the field of modern money. The average citizen is totally unaware of this, the politician blithely ignores it, and quite a few money-pundits—like Professor Sweezy—fatally forget it. The job I set myself, in these money chapters, was modest enough—merely to make ordinary citizens sharply sensible (I never thought it necessary for the initiate) of the existence of this promissory relationship in the field of modern money; and to show its consequences.

In Professor Sweezy's case I seem not to have succeeded. Gold transactions, with actual gold passing on one or the other side of a contract, are carried on by the billion daily in the central banks of the world. In every enterprise connected with the international movement of goods, watchful men have to calculate carefully every day how much actual gold is represented by the central-bank promises, which they hold in the form of currency or credit. All this, in Professor Sweezy's words, is "nothing but a legalistic anachronism." Any sharp-witted little bookkeeper, in any import or export house in the world, could inform him how legalistic and how anachronistic it is.

In short, one of the few certain things to be said about modern money is that the predominant aspect of it is the contractual relationship involved in it. Accordingly, it is only by examining, implacably, what happens to the promises of central banks and governments that anybody, professor or layman, can even begin to acquire a comprehension of the mysterious events that occur in these regions.

If this be reaction, may Professor Sweezy make the most of it! And, indeed, I think ultimately he will. For the idea, essentially, is merely a pedagogical one. A dozen years from now, therefore, I can easily conceive that Professor Sweezy himself will be principally relying upon just this obvious distinction—between gold and promises to pay gold—to clarify the presumed mysteries of modern money to his students.

HARRY SCHERMAN

New York, April 14

Canadian Opinion

Dear Sirs: It is my belief that the consensus of Canadian editorial opinion quoted by Robert Brownson in your March 26 number is as good an index of Canadian feeling as was the consensus of American editorial opinion an indication of how your last election would go. I have talked with business men, workers, and educators. None favor the present British foreign policy. Few Canadians would trade the Atlantic Ocean or friendship with the United States for a boatload of European diplomats.

Considerable resentment was aroused here by the attempt to make Canada the "goat" in moving oil sanctions against Italy. Since Britain's latest move toward agreement with Italy you can understand our reluctance to make cooperative commitments in Europe—commitments whose implications are at best nebulous. We are not forced to play in a game for which we have a distaste.

D. W. ROBERTSON

Toronto, Canada, April 4

A Great Writer Protests

Dear Sirs: I would like to protest against the type of reviewer your magazine has been assigning to my books lately. The reviews seem to be brilliant but are invariably unfriendly and scornful. This is not the way to treat a great writer, I believe. In the future I would appreciate it very much if you would allow personal friends of mine to review my books.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

San Francisco, Cal., April 7

Christian Front Radicalism

Dear Sirs: This is chiefly to extend condolences to Marion G. Lewis, who complains in *The Nation* for March 12 that the *Christian Front* really isn't "radical." I don't know what Miss Lewis means by the term, but I can say what we mean.

We use "radical" with its original Latin meaning in mind, namely, going to the root of things. That means probing for the causes of things and urging long-range reform which will remove the causes of social disorder. Certainly a program calling for a social order which suits human nature is both radical and realistic. It can well be contrasted with the unrealistic and superficial reforms of Marxists and fascists who attempt to make human nature over to suit their preconceived notions of what it should be. The sad experience of the Soviets with a lax divorce law demonstrates the unrealism of attempting to ignore or change human nature.

I don't think Herbert Hoover would like many of our contributors. Nor would he agree with our defense of Supreme Court reform or with our support of TVA and the principle of public ownership of public utilities. Nor would the Old Guard Republicans fancy our outspoken defense of unionism.

Miss Lewis doesn't like our "diatribe

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against Marxism" and favors "a vital collision with the idea that all men are brothers." By way of collision, would Miss Lewis explain how Marxism can be reconciled with the idea that all men are brothers?

NORMAN MCKENNA
Editor the *Christian Front*

New York, April 8

Meaningless Labels

Dear Sirs: In his article on War in the Peace Movement in *The Nation* of March 19, James Wechsler lists me as occasional "quarterback" on the isolation team. I must disclaim the nomination and protest the label. I do not play in the backfield of either of these mythical teams. Apparently Mr. Wechsler believes that anyone who is not a "collective actionist" must be an "isolationist." In my opinion both labels are meaningless and have no relation whatever to the realities of the present situation or to American foreign policy.

WILLIAM T. STONE

Washington, March 25

Hoarding and Recovery

Dear Sirs: Professor Slichter's article on the problem of recovery in your issue of March 12 raised one or two questions not answered in your reply. His recipe is to entice idle funds into new investment (1) by repealing the tax on undistributed profits; (2) by reducing the rates in the higher brackets of the income tax; (3) by reducing prices and wages in the building trades; (4) by making concessions to the utilities.

In your reply you rightly point out, in effect, that idle funds will be invested only when there is expectation of profit, that this depends upon increased purchasing power in the hands of consumers, and that consumers lack purchasing power because it is already in the hands of the investing class. You then observe that business leadership is bankrupt. But it seems to me that the trouble is more fundamental than that, for no amount of business leadership will transfer existing idle funds from investors to consumers.

Your remedy is government planning. But here Professor Slichter asks a question which you do not answer: How are producers to be assured that there will be a demand at profitable prices for a planned output? In other words, so long as investors are permitted to accumulate and hoard money, won't all attempts at planning bog down? Neither an economy of private enterprise nor a planned economy will work unless all the money paid out by industry in costs and profit is either spent or invested.

Do you not think that an effective tax on hoarding could be devised—a tax that would force all money income to be either spent or invested as it was received? I am convinced that if we are to achieve permanent recovery all hoarded money must be either enticed or routed out of hiding. And I do not think it can be enticed.

GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER

Boston, Mass., March 30

Prison Literature

Dear Sirs: I am at present editing an anthology of prison literature, collected from countries all over the world. Verse, letters, and other writings are eligible for inclusion provided that they were actually *written in prison.* Speeches for the defense of prisoners, if these were clearly prepared in prison while their authors were awaiting trial, are also to be included.

Among my present list of contributors are Boethius, Marco Polo, Villon, Bunyan, Lovelace, Leigh Hunt, Tom Paine, Debs, Vanzetti, and Ernst Toller. I am convinced, however, that there is much more material of sufficient human interest to warrant inclusion with the work of those named. There must be personal letters, now in private hands, to the publication of which there could be no objection, and I should greatly appreciate either copies of such letters or loans of the originals. They may be sent to me at 53 Cleveland Square, London, W2.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

London, England, April 1

Spearhead of Reaction

Dear Sirs: The United States is at a crossroads in its political development. One direction will take us forward through progressive steps to a better standard of living, better housing, higher wages, fewer hours of work, more time and opportunity for cultural advancement. The other direction will take us back to longer hours of work, lower wages, a degraded standard of living. Mayor Hague has become the brazen and bombastic champion of those who would take us in this latter direction, and around him have rallied all the forces of reaction.

In Harry Moore he has a governor after his own taste who has been spoken of as Presidential timber. If Governor Moore and Mayor Hague make any progress in that direction, it will be because we are indifferent to the true nature of the problem.

Every lover of liberty and democracy in the nation should exert himself to weaken Hague's influence in the Democratic Party.

JOHN R. LONGO, Secretary
Hudson County Citizens' Committee

Jersey City, April 1

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